CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1911.

COVER DESIGN by D. McGREGOR.

Where Summer Was	Wilbur D. Nesbit	*Reverse Frontispiece*
Illustrating "For Fulvia's Sake"	Frederick M. Grant	*Frontispiece*
The Re-awakened Church	Shailer Mathews	323
Angela. Verse	Thomas A. Daly	329
The Woman's Way Drawings by Frederic M. Grant.	Frances Hodgson	330
The True Flame	William Dunseith Eaton	341
The Scarlet Strand. A Story Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson.	Edward B. Waterworth	350
Alone by the Lake. Verse	A. B. Hogg	358
Being a Birdman Illustrated with Photographs.	W. A. Blonck	359
Sunset Hill. Verse	Sara Hamilton Birchall	363
The Price He Paid. A Story Drawings by G. O. Longabaugh.	Frank Houghton	364
Victory. Verse	Mary Wheelwright	373
The Glad Hand West, and Some of its Givers	Currie Love	374
The Game that He Lost. A Story	M. de Leon	381
The Cad. A Story Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson.	Samuel E. Kiser	383
The Land of the Great Spirit	Kathleen Bowker	390
The Pedlar's Pack	"Kit"	391
The Right Angle	The Editor	397
Chestnuts and Cheese		400

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Willson Building Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London 362 Clarence St. Toronto 162 Bay Street. New York City 156 Fifth Ave. Chicago 1502 Marquette Building

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter.

Samuel E. Kiser's "More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

The hearts of men hunger for the Things of Youth. You may not have known it, but that is what has been hurting you. Here is a cure:

"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

It is a book of verse by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, who writes from the heart—and he is your kind of man. It is illustrated by Florence Pretz, who created the immortal Billiken the good luck god.

It is something every man who had a real childhood should read. It will bring back your boyhood days with a bump. The world will seem brighter you. Every man will be a good fellow. You will be a better fellow yourself. You can get it for 75 cents. If your news dealer is sold out, tear off this coupon and mail to-day direct to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Co., Ltd.

Publishers

WINNIPEG.

VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Ltd., PUBLISHERS, WINNIPEG:
Enclosed find remittance of 75 cents for which please send a copy of "More Sonnets of an Office Boy."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

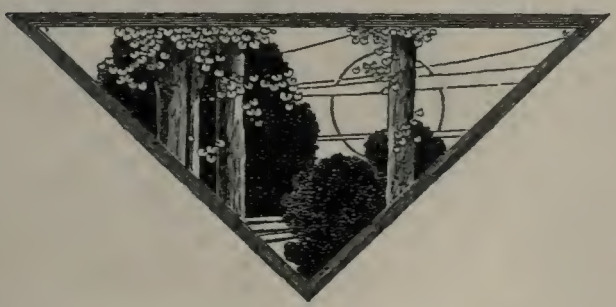
Province.....

WHERE SUMMER WAS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

WHERE summer was the grass is gray and brown,
And withered leaves are scattered here and there
To mark how they have softly fluttered down
On sighing breezes, or through breathless air.
The flowers flaunt no more their banners gay,
Nor toss their perfumes to the laughing wind—
No trace the more of joyous June or May
Do we in all the dying landscape find.

Where summer was, the lone tree on the hill
Lifts up its arms of sacrificial fire,
Heaped high with leaves that flame all mystic-still
In red and gold—a beacon and a pyre.
But one brave blossom lifts its petalled cup
From the recesses of the drooping vine
As though before it died it would raise up
The parting draught of summer's scented wine.



"HOW OLD IS HE?" FULVIA ASKED ABRUPTLY, MAKING A LITTLE HALF-CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE AFTER ALEX. "I SHOULD THINK HE COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, HE'S OLD ENOUGH"

VOL·X CANADA MONTHLY NO·5

SEPTEMBER

The Reawakened Church

By Shailer Mathews

❀ ❀ ❀

There have always been critics of the Church, just as there have always been critics of every institution and person devoted to the higher things of life. Within the past few years in particular has the Church been subjected to severe criticism. Both by its enemies and its friends has it been told that it was growing out of sympathy with its age and becoming, at least among Protestants, an institution of the capitalistic class, whose membership was rapidly becoming feminized; whose ambitions were too exclusively other-worldly; and whose leaders were afraid of a candid and scientific investigation of their teachings. To a very considerable extent these criticisms were just, and are still just, but they are as far as possible from being the whole truth. Within the past five years, and particularly within the last two or three years, churches of all denominations have been passing through a very remarkable awakening. It is this awakening, particularly among Protestant churches in America, that I plan to describe in this series of articles. It is no time for the friends of the Church to despair. It is rather time for them to take account of stock and realize on their assets. They have been counting their liabilities too long.

THERE are two sorts of scholarship: learning and investigation. Periods devoted exclusively to learning are not generally periods in which the frontiers of knowledge are extended. The chief faculties employed are memory and reasoning. Conclusions are reached deductively from premises about which no questions are to be asked. This was the temper of mind of the Middle Ages and, indeed, as far as theology was concerned, that which has ruled throughout practically the entire Christian period. The starting point of most theologies has been some premise which was not examined seriously, if at all. Once given such premises, it was not difficult to build up a system by the use of syllogisms.

The other sort of scholarship is that with which we have become generally acquainted during the past twenty-five years in America, and the past century in Germany. It is of the sort that questions all major premises; that bids us begin our thinking with something other than the presuppositions given by authority. It is the sort of scholarship that we find in the laboratory. It is interested in facts and is impatient of generalities. It is skeptical in the

literal sense of the word, in that it looks into things, and often it is skeptical, in the other sense of the word, in that it doubts that which the Church has believed.

It is no wonder, therefore, that men have said that the Church could not tolerate scholarship of this second sort. They have charged that the Church is afraid to have its major premises examined, that faith is but a synonym of credulity and that the free thinker must of necessity be an infidel.

It cannot be denied that there was some ground for such accusation. Certain of the Christian communities still set their faces like a flint against anything that looks like really serious investigation. But it is not true of the Church to-day as it was a few years in the past. For, just as the Renaissance preceded the Reformation, has the scientific method introduced a new era in modern religious thinking.

The Church is Applying Scientific Scholarship to the Bible.

It is not so many years ago that the term "higher criticism" was one at which good churchmen trembled. It seemed to them to be the very synonym of all that was negative and destructive in religious thinking. New movements are apt to become fanatical even infields of scholarship, and the first critics, both biblical and otherwise, were swept off into a maze of conjectures and theories, the most striking characteristics of which were an arrogant contempt of that which men once believed and a sublime confidence in literary analysis and myth cycles. Much of this temper has been passed, but even at its best the historical criticism was, and still is, to some degree destructive. Just because it recognizes the work of historical forces it must refuse to accept certain theories as to the origin of the Bible, which have grown up since the seventeenth century and which have been among the presuppositions of theology, notwithstanding they have been shown repeatedly to be neither necessary for the true Christian religion nor approved by the great theologians.

But the Church, at least in its most influential members, has outgrown this fear. Criticism itself has lost some of the easy assurance of its early days, and its results are being seen to be less hostile to evangelical theology than was first feared.

This newer attitude of mind has not been reached without a struggle over freedom of teaching. It may be said to have been foreshadowed in the great Andover controversy. It is true that the point at issue in that case was not in the field of criticism, but rather in that now all but undiscussed field, the state of the soul after death. But the point of view of the remarkable body of men who then constituted the faculty of Andover Seminary was essentially modern, and the issue which their position forced was whether an "orthodox" theological seminary should have the right to teach that which its professors honestly believe to be true, within the general field of evangelical theology, or whether that which was believed to be true when certain endowments were given the seminary, should be always its standard of teaching. We have to-day largely forgotten the controversy, except as it seems to have affected the future of the seminary itself, but the decision of the courts which refused to let a dead hand write the creeds of a religious denomination was really a milestone in the development of scientific theology in America.

In 1893, Charles R. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, was tried by the authorities of the Presbyterian denomination on charges of heresy. In point of theology Professor Briggs was, and is, most conservative. He had, however, become a champion of critical views as to the authorship of the Old Testament books, which had already brought Robertson Smith to a similar

trial in Scotland, and had promulgated his views with an aggressiveness and belligerency which aroused bitter hostility. The findings of the council were against him, and he became an Episcopalian. But freedom in theological teaching was not checked thereby. The Union Theological Seminary itself refused to dismiss him, and thereby recognized the principal of freedom of investigation in so far as biblical criticism is concerned.

Our Theological Seminaries are Teaching Men to Honor the Scientific Search for Truth.

This position was further recognized by the seminary in its retention of Professor McGiffert, whose work on the Apostolic Age (1897) had aroused serious discussion. In his case, however, there was no trial for heresy, as Professor McGiffert, in the interests of peace, joined the Congregationalists. Union Seminary for a time suffered for its position, some of its students leaving for "safer" Princeton, but it gained in the end. American Christianity is not bigoted. In the past few years Union Seminary's attendance has greatly increased and its men are in demand among the churches, where they have proved singularly effective. What is more, the great Presbyterian denomination, despite the annual discussion in the General Assembly, is not openly hostile to biblical teachers whose leanings are critical, and although its seminaries, under the control of the general assembly, are conservative—notably in the case of Princeton—it claims to be in sympathy with the methods if not with all the results of historical-critical scholarship. Knox College in Toronto has been a leader in this conservative and constructive progress.

To William R. Harper the Church also owes much in this same field, for he educated the laity as well as the ministers. First as a professor in Yale, and then as president of the University of Chicago and head of the Old Testament department in its Divinity School, he stood for a thorough going critical method, with wonderful tact and patience under misrepresentation and accusation. The Baptist denomination has generally been regarded as ultra conservative. As a good many other "ultra conservative" institutions have done, however, it has never made any strenuous denial of the charge but equally, it has done nothing to give such a charge, foundation. The "hard-shell" days have been equally shared in by other faiths, and are now over for all. As an actual matter of fact, however, at the present time its theological seminaries are progressive and number among their faculties a number of the leaders in theological reconstruction. Its history has never been marked by trials for heresy, although its members, particularly the editors of some of its privately owned newspapers, have assailed the critical position vigorously, and in some cases continue to attack the position of those teachers and preachers who favor critical views.

But any man who knows Baptist affairs will admit that the denomination harbors a liberality of thinking and of speech second to that in no denomination, if indeed not superior to that in some. The graduates of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, where academic freedom of teaching is recognized frankly, are seldom radical and are almost uniformly of marked evangelistic temper and are in constant demand among the churches. The same is true of the other seminaries in the United States and Canada, whose positions, though possibly more cautiously expressed, are those which exposed President Harper and his colleagues at one time to severe criticism.

In the great Methodist denomination a Divinity School like that of Boston University has been subjected to official investigation, which, in the

case of Professor H. G. Mitchell, led to the removal of one of the leading Old Testament scholars of America. The action, however, of the bishops which led to his removal was due to a number of circumstances which were declared to be technical in character, and Professor Mitchell has of late been able to regain his status in his denomination and is now connected with the University, although not in the School of Theology. The other Methodist seminaries of the north are marked by liberality of teaching, and recent attempts on the part of ultra-conservatives to bring charges against members of their faculties, as well as Doctor Buckley, their leading editor, have been handled so tactfully that there has been no limitation of a reasonable liberty of teaching.

The Church is Utilizing the Results of Other than Theological Sciences.

Within the great and influential body of Disciples of Christ there has of late grown up a body of earnest and notably efficient young men under the leadership of Professor Herbert L. Willett. As in the case of the Baptists, the organization of the Disciples prevents any ecclesiastical trial for heresy, and despite opposition, the liberal wing of Disciples is really proving its worth by the fruits of its labor. The Disciples of the north, however, have no theological seminary, and their "Bible chairs" in connection with state universities are generally manned by men of the conservative critical type.

The Congregationalists have always been among the leaders of intellectual life among American churches. The splendid chain of colleges, from Bowdoin in Maine to Pomona and Whitman on the Pacific coast, is a perpetual testimony to the intellectual leadership of this comparatively small but wonderfully effective group of Christians. The Congregational theological seminaries, like Bangor, Hartford, Andover, Yale and Oberlin, are the centers of thoroughgoing scholarship of the most modern sort, though their temper is not radical but constructive. Chicago Theological Seminary has of late suffered from the removal of Professor George H. Gilbert from the chair of New Testament interpretation, on grounds it is very difficult to justify. The conditions, however, of the case are not likely to arise again and the teaching of the seminary to-day is as free as that of other seminaries of the denomination.

The Unitarians have always stood for freedom of thought, and their theological schools—if Harvard with its largely Congregationalist faculty be included—are committed to biblical scholarship of a somewhat radical type.

Churchmen of the south are still much more conservative theologically than those of the north, but this attitude is giving way to the influence of the rapidly developing influence of the colleges and universities. The Methodist Church (south) must be regarded here as the leader. Vanderbilt University and Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, are notable representatives of progressive theological teaching and scholarship, and the great body of influential clergymen of the church are open-minded. So, too, in the case of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, which only a few years ago was in the middle of an unfortunate controversy over the teaching of Professor Whitsitt on a point judged vital to the defense of the Baptist position, there is at present nothing like illiberality. While its teachers are regarded as more conservative than those of its sister seminaries in the north, it stands for a progressive scholarship of a solid kind.

The Episcopalian church has always been regarded as a place of refuge for men of liberal tendencies of other denominations. Its theological seminaries, barring the possible exception of that of Cambridge, are conservative

theologically, but in the range of biblical scholarship most of their teachers stand committed to the critical position, and Episcopalian writers like Nash, Batten and Peters are notable illustrations of the new tendency of the Church to recognize the rights of scholarship of a scientific sort.

The Laymen are Welcoming the New Theological Scholarship.

It is sometimes asserted that the laymen are in advance of the ministry in point of liberality. In my judgment the contrary is true. The influential laymen of our churches, speaking generally, are business men; they do not care for theological discussions; they want, so to speak, a businesslike theology. The refinements of scholarship are as far beyond them as the mysteries of double-entry bookkeeping are beyond the average clergyman. Some denominations, like the Presbyterians, put much severer theological tests upon their clergy than they do upon their church members, but the great mass of the church members have been suspicious of theological change. Nevertheless, a new attitude is developing.

Farthest possible from being radical, the great Sunday school movement, by the vote of the convention of 1908, has committed itself to a graded series of lessons which, while by no means committed to critical theories, is none the less a recognition of the scientific method in education. The Young Men's Christian Association is also growing less suspicious of the newer biblical scholarship, and while, as an organization, it is justly cautious about taking positions that in any way threaten the significance of the evangelical test, it is recognizing, especially in the college associations, the necessity of utilizing such results of scholarships as are distinctly helpful to the spiritual life. The American Institute of Sacred Literature, founded by the late President Harper, has had and still has a widespread influence in the popularizing of the better method of Bible study. Its lessons are not technical, yet they recognize the principles of the historical method and are being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country.

There are, of course, counter movements, like the Bible Study League, looking toward the preservation of the more traditional views regarding the Bible, but even the position of such a man as Professor Orr, who just now is the great champion of conservatism, would have been judged dangerous if fully disclosed twenty years ago. And no one would for a moment charge lack of scholarship to him and to others of the defenders of older theological views. As a rule they stand committed to many of the critical positions regarded as dangerous a generation ago, although they are concerned primarily with the defense of strictly theological formulas.

Where Science and Religion No Longer Are At War.

Another fact is of the utmost importance. A few years ago men who had come under the influence of scientific methods of our universities and professional schools found it difficult to co-operate with the evangelical leaders of our churches, and in many cases drifted off into an agnosticism. Of late, however, the tide is turning. Professional men are coming into our churches to work in certain lines of church work. A man like Dr. W. C. Bitting, of St. Louis, can attract to his church and congregation a notable

group of men of this sort, and that, too, without the loss of any of the spiritual fervor which has been the glory of the older theological positions. Educated men want to think about religion and will listen sympathetically to a man who they believe is both deeply religious and honestly scholarly.

Putting the Church on a Practical Working Basis.

This change in the attitude of the laity, while, of course, subject to any number of exceptions, is not to be mistaken for a complete committal to critical positions. It is rather a more or less deliberate recognition of the legitimacy of a genuine biblical scholarship that does not assume that which it ought to prove. As fast as churches get convinced that the chief business of the critically trained preacher is not to discuss critical questions in the pulpit, they grow tolerant. This tolerance grows as progressive ministers recognize the fact that their business is not to teach people what not to believe but what to believe. The laity as a class are coming to feel with the theological seminaries that scholarship is after all an agency, not an end, in the Church. They see, for instance, that the question of the number of Isaiahs is altogether secondary to the pressing question as to whether the fundamental teachings of the Bible, however derived, are workable. In proportion as the rank and file of members come to believe that scholarship does not assail the real efficiency of the Church, but rather increases it, do they grant larger liberty to thought and teaching on the part of their pastors. No really sensible, constructive man need fear interference to-day from most churches on the score of liberality.

Such a statement is in one way too sweeping. It would be more accurate to say that the church workers are coming to feel that the entire range of scientific investigation may furnish material for religious activity. Thus, in the region of biology the old suspicion of the theories of evolution is rapidly passing. The ordinary position of the intelligent churchman is that it makes little difference just how humanity came into existence, whether in an evolutionary fashion or by creation. In either case it was due to the operation of God. Similarly, in the psychology of religion, it is only recently that our psychologists have seriously considered religious experience. Now there are few psychologists who are not to some extent working in the field, and the literature on the psychology side of religion is rapidly assuming large proportions.

Sunday schools are being reorganized along strictly pedagogical lines. The Religious Education Association, composed of some of the most prominent educators in the country, is every year becoming a larger source of inspiration and of influence, and that, too, without competitive work or publication. The evangelist is coming to understand the psychology of his profession and our ministers are coming to feel that the religious worker can not be too well grounded in the essential facts of psychology.

This condition of affairs, thus imperfectly sketched, has been brought to pass largely within the last ten, indeed, the last three, years. It ought to give pause to the man who holds that the Church is afraid of scientific methods. There is still opposition to radicalism of what is judged a destructive sort, but the really formative men of the Church are increasingly open-minded and tolerant. The man who judges otherwise, I am convinced, argues from his limited range of facts. The day of warfare between science and theology, is not past, but is passing.

ANGELA

BY THOMAS A. DALY

AH! yes, I been away; an', pleass,
I hida from you, too!
For dough ees wrong for do like dees
Weeth kind old frand like you;
I 'fraid you'd joke of "weengs" an' tease
So like you use' to do.
You no remembra, long ago,
Wan morna w'en you came
An' see me makin' lova so
Weeth w'at you call my "flame."
How you are beg me lat you know
W'at ees da lady's name?

An' w'en I tal you "Angela,"
You laugh an' joke at dat,
"An' eef she's angela," you say,
"W'at kinda weengs she gat?"
An' many times you ask "eef dey
Are starta growin' yat?"
Eet was a joke for you an' me,
Dose "weengs"—but notta now—
An' O! eet nevva more can be—
You ondrastanda how
I no could joke of dem. You see
You see—she got dem now!

The Woman's Way

by Frances Hodgson

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

THERE was foreign blood in her veins; anybody could see that, not only by her dark little foreign face, and big, fringed, uncanny black eyes, but by her scornful ways, and queer, high-handed fashions, that were so different from other people. I have seen a great many English, and Irish, and Scotch girls in my time, and I never saw an English, Irish or Scotch girl who could flare up and fly into a passion and out of one in a breath as Fulvia Desmond could, and be so daring in a highhanded, scornful way. She never seemed to care for what people said, or to be afraid of anything in the wide world, and many a time since I first began to understand her, have I been thankful that I did not do the poor forlorn young creature any greater injustice than to think at times that her neglected childhood had made her something uncaring for the feelings of those about her. Yes, there was foreign blood in her veins, and I said so to myself the very first instant I set eyes upon her; and I found out, very soon afterward, that I had not been mistaken.

I am an old woman now, but I have not forgotten, and don't think I ever shall forget the night she came to Ballomuith, which was the name of Mr. Alexander Muith's estate in the north of Ireland, and where I had been living for many a year as nurse and housekeeper to Mr. Muith's nephew and niece, who were his adopted children. It's as fresh in my mind this minute as ever it was—the way that strange, young thing marched into the old dining-hall, where I was sitting with the children before the big peat fire in the huge old fire-place. It was midwinter, and a bad enough night at that, and we had had no warning whatever of her coming until we heard the stage

slough through the mud in the road and then stop before the door for someone to get out. We were just wondering who it could be, when the door opened, and she marched in, looking as unconcerned as if she did not care whether we expected her or not. And she didn't care, either, for she told us so afterward, and certainly she did not look as if she cared much when she walked up to Alexander and spoke to him, looking straight into his face with her big, scornful black eyes.

"I am Fulvia Desmond," she says to him, "and Mr. Alexander Muith sent me here to be taken care of."

Whereupon my Alexander began to laugh in his light-hearted way. (I always call the children by their Christian names, and I am not likely to do otherwise, considering that they have been like my own flesh and blood all their lives, and though Alex was twenty-four at the time, and Cathie nearly twenty, they were always "the children" with me).

"And I am sure we are glad to see you, Miss Fulvia Desmond," he said, laughing as hard as he could, "and we are much obliged to Uncle Alexander for doing us so much honor. Welcome to Ballomuith. Cathie, this is Miss Fulvia Desmond—Miss Fulvia Desmond, this is nurse Ferguson, who has taken care of us since Mr. Muith declined the pleasurable task about twenty years ago."

She did not say a word—just looked at him, and then turned round to Cathie, who had risen to greet her.

Cathie was like Alex in her warm-hearted Irish way, and she went to the queer little creature and would have kissed her, but Fulvia Desmond made no attempt to meet her, and there was not a shadow of any feeling but deliberate curiosity in her black eyes; so Cathie stopped half-way, blundering out a few good-natured words and then broke down.

It was a bad enough beginning, and the rest of the evening seemed to promise a worse ending. Miss Fulvia Desmond would not talk, but sat silent, on one of the broad, old-fashioned foot-stools, and stared into the fire. Mr. Alexander Muith had sent no letter of explanation, and all that we learned was that, when her mother, who was a Frenchwoman, had died a month before in Boulogne, he had come for her and sent her to Ballomuith.

Cathie was full of pity when she told us this, and she spoke out and told her so in that straightforward way I have always taught the children to have; for, as I have said to them often, it is better to risk not being understood than risk losing the chance of saying a kind word to those who need it.

But when Cathie sympathized with her over her mother's death, and said she was sorry, the girl looked up from the fire a minute and stared at her with a queer look in her eyes that was like a flash of the flames.

"I wasn't sorry," she said quite coolly. "I was glad. She was a bad woman."

I had my doubts from that moment about that mother of hers. It was not natural for a young thing, little more than a child, to have the hard, defiant look Fulvia Desmond had; and it was quite natural that the neglect of a bad mother should have made a neglected child reckless and bitter-natur-

ed; so, if I did not like Fulvia Desmond after hearing her make that speech, I did not blame her much. And when Mr. Alexander Muith took it into his crotchety head to write to us from Dublin, I found out I had not been wrong in suspecting what I did. Her mother had been the worst of bad women. She had run away from her husband with a French officer, when Fulvia was a baby, and the child had been dragged through all her shameful wanderings, more because she could not easily get rid of her than because she had any feeling for the poor,little forsaken thing. It was not a wonder that the child was proud, and obstinate and suspicious.

"She used to beat me," she told us once, in her deliberate fashion. "She beat me once with a horse-whip that belonged to one of the men who used to come to see us, and she beat me till the blood was running down my back; and when I fought and tried to strike her again, the man laughed—he laughed at me." And she stamped her vicious little foot, with her eyes all in a blaze.

Such speeches as these were the keynotes to her whole nature. The shame and misery of her childhood had left traces in every feeling she had. Baby as she had been, she had felt the full sting of her wretched, outcast life, perhaps because the degradation around her had made her otherwise.

Since I first came to Ballomuith myself, when Cathie was a baby, and Alexander not more than four years old, Mr. Alexander Muith had not been to see us more than a dozen times, and after Fulvia came, we heard nothing from him beyond the explanatory letter, which was as short and businesslike as possible. The girl had money from her father, he said, and she was to be taken good care of. Alexander was old enough to act as the head of our little family, and there the matter seemed to end, as far as the old gentleman was concerned; but he was an eccentric old fellow and we had learned to understand him; so we did not trouble him with any further enquiries, and went on as usual, living in our quiet way. I often used to wonder how it would have been if I had not cared for the children as I did, or if some other woman had been chosen to take my place. Ballomuith was a great, barren, uncultivated estate, and the House, as the people called it, was a huge, and rambling, and barren a place as could be; so we had lived in a queer, lonely, independent sort of fashion. But Fulvia Desmond's coming made a little change. In course of time, when we began to understand her queer ways, she was a great deal of company for us. She had seen so much of the world in her wandering, vagabond life, that nothing was new to her, and, indeed, she sometimes startled me with the odd stories she told; but she always told them innocently, I know, and I was not afraid that anything she would say could harm Cathie. Many a time after she came to Ballomuith did we sit by the peat-fire and listen to her telling about the satins, and velvets, and diamonds, and fine things the people wore who crowded about the little tables in her mother's house to play cards and dice (she had queer French names for the games) for piles of gold pieces. She used to creep to the door and watch them, she said, and sometimes, as the men came out, they would toss her money, but her mother always took it from her.

But she never told such stories before Alex, I noticed. I used to think sometimes that she did not like him, for though she made friends with Cathie in time, she never made friends with Alex, and never even altered her scornful way toward him. But that Alex liked her it was very easy to see. In his stay-at-home, careless life, he had seen very few women except the red-cloaked colleens who rode to market in their jaunting cars with butter and eggs to sell; and Fulvia Desmond's high-handed way was the very thing to take the fancy of my light-hearted, easy-natured Alex. She was so passionate and imperious, and cared so little for him that, of course, man-like, he was ready to let her trample on him if she chose, and never lose a touch of his gay good temper. And then there was an odd sort of fascination about the girl. Her mother's French blood showed itself in a hundred different

ways, but most of all in her looks and her fondness for dress. She had never been stinted in dress, it was easy to see, for when her trunks came they were loaded with French finery of all kinds —queer little high-heeled slippers, all rosettes and big buckles, such as we had only seen in old-fashioned pictures, though they were new-fashioned enough, it seemed; queer, oddly-made dresses, trimmed and trained and puffed out in a way that made us open our ignorant eyes; and such boxes full of ribbons, and velvets, and laces as Cathie could never have worn in a dozen years. But Fulvia wore them every day, though very few people ever saw her beside we three and the servants. And she was generous enough with them, too. She would give them to Cathie, and took as much pride in dressing the girl up to her fanciful notions as Cathie took in being dressed; but though she was always sweet and pretty enough, no dressing ever made Cathie look like Fulvia. She had not her odd, fiery way and quick motions to begin with, and though Fulvia always looked better for her high-heeled French shoes, with their buckles and rosettes, and the grand French dresses, with their trimmings and furbelows, I always thought Cathie seemed more at home in the plain frocks I had always seen her wear.

But the sharp tongue and black eyes and fantastic dresses bewitched Alex until his head was almost turned. He had been used to spending nearly all his time out of doors, shooting and fishing; but after Fulvia came he began to remain at home, and, if he went out, never stayed long, and never came home without bringing his game to her. But she never treated him very well, and she often treated him very ill. And yet she was by no means ill-natured toward the rest of us. She would quarrel with Cathie sometimes, and quarrel with me, but she was always passionately affectionate and always ready to make sacrifices; and I never knew her to break her word in my life. She had strange, independent notions, too, though we never found them out unless by the merest accident, as it seemed, for she was very apt to keep what she thought to herself when it was not anybody's business.

"How old is he?" she asked Cathie abruptly one day, making a little, half-contemptuous gesture towards Alex as he was leaving the room.

"He is twenty-four," Cathie answered surprisedly. "Why, Fulvia?"

"I was wondering why he stays here," was the short answer.

"Stays here!" says Cathie innocently. "Where should he stay but here? We have lived at Ballomuith ever since Mr. Alexander Muith first began to take care of us."

"Take care of you!" repeated Fulvia with her most scornful face. "I should think he could take care of himself—he's old enough. Bah!"

Cathie opened her eyes in a sort of trouble. She was a little afraid of these scornful words of Fulvia's.

"You—you are not angry, Fulvia, are you?" she stammered. "Not angry with Alex, I mean. I don't quite understand you."

Fulvia turned her shoulder upon her snappishly, and held her bit of a slipper over the fire to warm.

"No," she said. "What should I be angry with him for? I don't care anything about him. He has nothing to do with me."

But, being a little out of patience with her, I fired up a trifle myself and spoke out.

"Then, if you are not vexed with Alex, what do you snap at him for?" I said. "Snap at those who fret you, and not at those who don't. You are too ready with your tongue, it seems to me, Fulvia Desmond."

She turned upon me like fire, with her big black eyes all in a blaze.

"Mind your own business!" she says, as vicious as you please. "I don't want you to meddle with me "

But I did not care for that, for I knew it was nothing but temper, and she bore me no ill-will; and, for the matter of that, before ten minutes were out it was all blown over. But for two or three days after she scarcely condescended to notice Alex, and was so ill-natured with him that he got quite discouraged, and came to me for comfort, as he always did.

It was the day after she had spoken to Cathie that he came to me as I was sewing in my small sitting-room, and he threw himself on the floor at my feet and laid his head on my lap, as he had a fashion of doing.

"Faith, but she's a vixen!" he said, in his light-hearted fashion, but I knew he was vexed in the face of it. "She's a vixen, isn't she, Norah?"

"Who?" I asked, pretending to be as careless as he was.

"Who?" says he. "Who but Miss Fulvia, to be sure. What other vixen have we here but Miss Fulvia, and isn't she vixen enough entirely for one establishment?" with a nonsensical bit of a brogue.

"Oh!" I answered. "If it's her you're talking about, I wouldn't mind anything she says. She doesn't mean any great harm, though she's sour enough sometimes."

"Aye!" says he, sharply; "and sweet enough, too."

I looked down at him in a minute, and he raised his eyes to mine and half laughed in spite of the fret that was on his handsome face.

"Aye!" I said, sharply, too, for my heart was in my mouth, through a new thought that came to me all of a sudden. "You don't mean to say you've been simple enough to take a fancy to her, Alex Muith?"

He laughed again, with the fret still on his white forehead, under the yellow curls.

"Just that simple, Norah, avoureen," was his answer. "Just simple enough to love the little vixen desperately, but not so simple as to think she cares enough for me even to be civil."

Well, this was a sort of blow to me, to tell the truth, though I ought to have had sense enough to see how things were going on; but somehow this was the first time I had thought of my boy's being more than a boy, and old enough to care for pretty faces, after man-fashion.

But though this was the first time we talked about Fulvia Desmond in such a manner, it was not the last. As time went on, Alex seemed to care for her more, and she, for her part, seemed only to care for him less. She slighted him a dozen times in a day, and sometimes treated him so badly that I could not understand it, for she was, heart and soul, fond of Cathie. Living as we did, alone in the big, old, half-empty barracks of a house, and with so few people about us, of course we were nearly dependent on each other for amusement; and when she was in the humor, Fulvia Desmond could have cheered up a wilderness with her fantastic, whimsical nonsense; but she never tried to amuse Alex. She could dress, and dance, and tell stories, and chatter like a jay for Cathie and me when we were alone together, but she was always scornful and indifferent to Alex.

"I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla," he would say to me every now and then, for though I was getting to be an elderly woman, the children still held to their old pet names for me. "I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla. Her ladyship is sharper than ever." And then he would laugh, but his fair face was never quite free from the fret even when he laughed the most.

But, though he bore it patiently for a long time, one day he took her to task about it.

"You don't like me, Cousin Fulvia," he said to her, half in jest, as usual. "You don't like me even well enough to be civil—asking pardon for saying so. I should like to know what I have done, if it pleases you to tell me?"

She opened her big scornful eyes wide, and stared at him as if it would be a condescension to answer him; but she did answer him, notwithstanding.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said, not as politely as she might have done. "You have done nothing. Nothing you could do would have anything to do with me. I don't care anything at all about you."

"Thank you," he said, looking a trifle pale and knitting his forehead, for she had raised his temper at last. "I suppose that means I'm not worth the troubling after."

"It means whatever you choose to think it means," she said viciously,

"YOU DON'T LIKE ME, COUSIN FULVIA," HE SAID. "I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE, IF IT PLEASES YOU TO TELL ME"

"or it means nothing at all. I tell you I don't care anything at all about it."

"Very well," said Alex. "If that's it, I won't trouble you again. I will keep out of your way, Miss Fulvia Desmond."

I was sitting on the other side of the fire, and looked up at this, and was surprised to see that she was pale, too; and I had an idea that she had turned pale all of a sudden, but she looked angry enough, and gave her little foot a bit of a stamp on the hearth-flag.

"You don't trouble me, I tell you," she said. "You couldn't trouble me if you tried."

Now I knew there was something at the bottom of this. If she had been a different girl, I should have thought that maybe she had some little spite against him; but there never was any spite in Fulvia, if she did have a temper, and so I was sure there must be a reason for her dislike for Alex, and so I watched her, but for several days I found out nothing. Alex kept out of her way, as he said he would. He began to fish and shoot again, as he used to do, staying out whole days, and never even coming home to his meals; and when he did come home he scarcely took any notice of her at all, but would go whistling by her through the house as if she had never been about.

But one night, going accidentally into her room, as I opened the door I

heard the sound of low, passionate sobbing, and advancing toward the fire, found Fulvia crouched down in one corner of a big chair, crying, with her head resting on her arms.

She started up when she saw me, and finding that she could not hide the truth, spoke to me angrily.

"What do you want?" she said. "I wish you would let me alone."

I was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, so I walked to the door and shut it, and then came back again deliberately and sat down.

"I want to know what you are crying for, Fulvia Desmond," I said.

"I am not crying," she answered boldly.

"That's not true," I answered her back. "You are crying, or you were when I came in; and as I was put here to take care of you, I mean to know the reason why."

"You'll have to find out for yourself, then," she said sullenly; and then all at once she broke down and dashed her face on to her folded arms, and began to cry again. "I wish I was dead!" she cried out. "I wish I had never been born! I wish I could die this minute!"

"You'd better not wish that," I said dryly. "You might be sorry if your wish was granted. You are not exactly in a fit condition to die this minute."

"It doesn't matter," she said passionately. "Who cares? Who would care if I died to-night? Cathie might for a day or so, but nobody else would."

I did not take any notice of this speech, because I thought best to let it pass; so I turned quietly to the subject I wanted to clear up.

"What made you quarrel with Alex the other day?" I said. "He is always good-natured enough with you."

"I didn't quarrel with him," she said. "Why can't he let me alone?"

"He never troubles you," I said.

She stopped crying all in a minute, and lifted her face up and looked at me.

"You don't know what you are talking about," now she said. "I am not Catharine Muith; I am Fulvia Desmond."

"I don't see where there need be a difference," I said.

"Difference!" she echoed, with her face on fire. "I don't see how the two could be alike."

"Why not?" I asked her, feeling puzzled, though I knew I was coming to the secret.

"Men don't speak to her as they speak to me," she said, flaring up. "She has not lived as I have, dragged about among bad men and women all her life. She has not the black blood in her veins that I have. Her mother was not an outcast, with a mark of shame branded on her forehead. She is Catharine Muith, and I—well, I am Fulvia Desmond, and that is saying enough."

I had got to the bottom of the secret now, and having got to the bottom of it, scarcely knew what to say. It was bitter shame, it seemed, not a girl's whim or petty spite; it was the remembrance of her neglected childhood, the burning, shameful wrong that had been done to her, that made her passionate and bitter.

"I have seen men speak to my mother," she went on, with her face buried on her arms, and her black hair hanging over them, "and I knew what their fine speeches meant, if I was a child. They used to laugh and jeer at her, when her back was turned, and sneer at the wrinkles and paint on her face; and once I saw her sit before her mirror and cry, with the tears running down her cheeks over the powder and rouge, because she heard them. It was the only time I ever felt sorry for her, but I did feel sorry for her then, and I made up my mind that no man should jeer at me or make me listen to him. He"—she meant Alex—"knows I am not like Cathie, and I hate him for it. I hate him!"

She was shaking all over with sobs, and when I tried to comfort her I knew very well that nothing I could say would have any effect. She would have reasoned out of them in a night, so I said very little, though what I did say was to the point, and at last she sobbed and raged herself quiet, with her face still hidden.

"And then, what does he stay here for?" she broke out resentfully. "He is not a child, he is a man. What right has he to let Mr. Muith take care of him? He is old enough to take care of himself, and not live here, from year to year, hunting and fishing, and spending other people's money. I am only a woman, but I would not live here if I had money of my own. I don't blame Cathie; but I only came to Ballomuith because I wanted to hide away from everybody and be out of the way of the world. A man has no right to live as he is doing—and that makes me hate him, too."

I did not say very much in answer to that speech, either. I had determined to leave everything to Alex, and, perhaps, I was not really sorry for the last part of her outbreak. I had cared so much for the children, and so much for Alex, particularly, that I had sometimes secretly wished he was more ambitious and less easy-natured. Not that I could blame him exactly, for Mr. Alexander Muith had taken him so completely in charge all his life, and seemed to set aside so completely any idea of his working for a living, that it would scarcely have been natural for him to be other than careless and easy-going.

I did not even wait for the next day to tell Alex how matters were standing. I went to him in his room that very night, after I left Fulvia, and repeated to him word for word what she had said.

He turned pale then in real earnest, and began to walk up and down the floor, and walked so for fully five minutes before he said a word, but he turned round at last and broke the silence.

"That's it, is it?" he said. "I can't stand that, Norah. I can't stand that, upon my soul. You must help me, Norah, dear, and tell me what to do." And there were actually drops of perspiration on his forehead as he dropped into his chair again and hid his face in his hands.

It scarcely matters telling now what we said to each other during the rest of the time we stayed together. It is quite sufficient at present to say that we made some plans of our own, and that, after I left him, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Alexander Muith in Dublin.

He did not alter his manner toward Fulvia much, though, for the next two or three days, he was not quite so indifferent to her presence, and certainly she did not alter her manner toward him at all. She was as high-handed and scornful as ever, and had as little to say. She was not even as good-natured toward Cathie, and once or twice she snapped at me more viciously than I had ever known her to do before; but I set it all down to her trouble and passed it over.

She was in one of her worst moods one night when we were all sitting together in the old dining-hall, and after making two or three vicious speeches, she stopped talking altogether, and had been sitting in silence for half an hour, staring into the fire with that queer expression in her big, black, foreign-looking eyes, when Alex, who had been out all day, came in with a letter from Dublin in his hand. He was rather pale, and the old fret was on his fair face, but he tossed the letter to me and flung himself into a chair.

"It's done, Norah, creena," he said, trying to smile. "It's as you said it would be; but I am going for all that."

Cathie looked up with a start, and I fancied that Fulvia started, too, but she did not raise her black eyelashes.

"Going!" said Cathie. "And where is it you are going to, Alex, dear?"

Alex looked at Fulvia Desmond for a minute, and then answered her.

"To Australia, Cathie," he said. "What do you think of that?"

Cathie broke into a little cry and sat up, staring at him with a frightened face.

"You are not in real earnest, Alex," she burst out. "You cannot mean what you say. You are joking us."

He shook his yellow curls back from his forehead, still looking at Fulvia.

"Not a bit of it, mavourneen," he said. "Not a taste of a joke. I am in earnest this time. I am going to Australia, for Fulvia's sake."

Fulvia did start then in honest truth, and she changed color, too, but she did not look at him, and he went on talking,

and the queer part of it was that, though he was talking to Cathie, he was watching Fulvia all the time.

"I am going for Miss Fulvia's sake, Cathie," he said; "and it was she put it into my head to go, though she never said a word to me about it. Fulvia thinks a man has no right to live the life I have been living, and she is right. I have been an idle sort of good-for-nothing, but I am going to try to behave myself better, because, you see, I care for Fulvia, though she does not care for me, and never will. I love Fulvia, though she does not love me; and I would go to the world's end to win a good word from Fulvia, though Fulvia would rather die than look at me this minute, and would give old Lion in his kennel, out in the court-yard there, a hundred good words, where she would not give me one if I went down on my knees to ask her for it."

If I were to live a hundred years I should never forget Fulvia Desmond's face as it was that minute. It was white as death, and though her eyes were fixed steadily on the peat fire, they were like burning coals themselves. There were little lines on her forehead, too, and her mouth was set hard. I saw this for a minute, while Alex was speaking, and then there was a little rustle and a rush, and she had run out of the room and banged the door after her.

Well, here was an end of that night; but, two or three days later, Mr. Alexander Muith came down to Ballomuith, from Dublin, in a towering passion. His answer to Alex's letter had shown that he was angry, but even I had not expected that he would be as wild as he was. He stormed at Alex as if he was frantic. He had chosen to bring him up like a gentleman, he said, and he should not make a fool of himself now. Ballomuith would belong to him some day, and so would his own property, and on the interest he might amuse himself as he pleased; he might travel or stay at home, but he should not throw himself away in any Australian bush, like a beggarly adventurer, or do anything else.

"You're a fool, sir!" he said, when Alex tried to reason the matter. "You are worse—you're a madman. You ought to be locked up in a madhouse, and put into a straight-jacket. I choose to have one gentleman in the family, and I am going to have one; and if you are not willing to fill the position, you can go to Australia or to the devil, and I will find someone who will fill it, for you don't get a shilling from me—so there the matter ends."

Of course, this was rather embarrassing for Alex, for he had nowhere else to look to, but his love for Fulvia had given him new ideas about life, so he held firm to his resolve, and told Mr. Muith that he meant to hold to it as a matter of conscience. And he was in earnest, too, for he was a brave-natured fellow, my Alex, and had only needed a touch to set his feet on the right track; and once having taken to it, he was not the one to falter before a bit of trouble.

"I have been a good-for-nothing, Norah," he had said to me, "but somehow I never thought of it before; and now I feel ashamed of myself, and I can't go back, even if I lose Fulvia herself."

Through all the two or three days' trouble that followed the old gentleman's coming Fulvia had nothing to say, and kept out of the way as much as she could. But, through watching closely, I could see a queer change in her. She did not look like herself, and I noticed that she had scarcely any appetite at all, though she made pretence enough of eating. There was an odd look about her mouth, too. I always could read her moods by the way she had of setting her mouth, so that there was a little hard line about each corner, and there was this look about it from morning till night. But she took no notice of Alex, only walked about stiff and quiet and said nothing. Between Cathie and her there was a sort of coldness, though I always thought the fault lay more on Cathie's side than on Fulvia's this time. The fact was, Cathie blamed her for the way she had treated Alex, and blamed her, too, for being the cause of his going away, for Alex had been

Cathie's idol, and she could not bear the idea of losing him, and fretted dreadfully.

"It is all her fault that he is going into the world without a friend, Norah," she would say. "I used to care for Fulvia, but I shall never care for her again if Alex leaves us."

Indeed, between the four of them, I had a hard time of it, for what with the old gentleman growling, Cathie fretting, and Fulvia walking about like a ghost, there was no peace to be had.

But it was settled at last, though it was settled miserably enough for poor Alex. He was to go away as soon as he could get ready, and was to expect nothing more from his uncle, who went back to Dublin as soon as ever he found he could not frighten him out of his resolution. And so we began to make preparations between us, Cathie and I, and Alex made preparations, too, and Fulvia looked on without a word for two or three weeks.

But one night, after she had been sitting over the fire for a long time as usual, she got up from her place all at once and came to the table where Cathie was sewing with me.

"Let me help you," she said abruptly. "I can sew well enough. Let me do something."

All the time I had lived there I had never seen Cathie fire up as she did at that minute.

"No!" she said. "You shall not help. You shall not set a stitch on, Fulvia Desmond. But for you we had no need to have the work to do. It's your doing, and it's you that's to blame if Alex never comes back again, and dies thousands of miles away without seeing any of us."

It seemed as if every drop of blood died out of Fulvia's face. She just stood up for a minute, straight by the table, and as still as death, and then she went back to her seat again without uttering a word. And she did not utter a word for three hours after. It was a fierce battle she had with herself, I know, when all was over, still as she sat, and steadfast as she looked. I thought, for my part, that she was going to sit there all night. I should not have been at all surprised if she had done so Cathie had been gone to bed full an hour, and Alex and I had been talking together for a long time, and she was still sitting there when Alex got up to go, too, and he had bidden her good night and reached the door before she said a word. But as he laid his hand upon the handle, I saw her face flash up and turn white, and her breast began to heave, and then all in a minute it seemed she sprang up and turned on him like some wild, hunted thing at bay.

"Stay!" she said. "Come back! Norah, make him come back."

He was face to face with her in a minute, though he was even more bewildered than I was at first; but the moment he came back I saw what was the matter, and how it was all going to end.

"You shall not go away!" she cried out, panting and trembling and sobbing all at once. "You shall not go. They shall not blame me for that; they shall not dare to do it. Besides, I cannot bear it, either," catching her breath and holding her clenched hand hard against her heart. "If you are going away because you love me, stay because you love me. I would not tell you before, but now—now I must tell you, because it would kill me to hide it. I love you, too. I would die for you. I will do anything you say I must do. I will give up everything. I have been bad enough, but I give up now. Only, don't go away; or, if you must go, take me with you, if it is to the world's end. I love you—yes, I love you, and if you leave me I shall go mad or die!" And she fell upon her knees, burying her face in her arms upon the footstool, and trembling like a leaf.

I never dreamed of such a tempest being in the girl's nature, fiery as I knew she was. She had broken down utterly at last, and was more at his mercy than any other girl could possibly have been.

Alex was down on the hearth beside her in a second, and had her in his arms and was kissing her as if he had gone crazy, and calling her all the frantic love names in the world, and coaxing her like a child; while she, poor,

wronged young creature, never even tried to get away from him, but clung to his shoulder, sobbing and shaking and taking his kisses and coaxing as if it was the breath of new life to her. I felt out of place a little, seeing that all was going right, so I crept out of the room and shut the door softly behind me so as not to disturb them; and then I slipped upstairs to Cathie and wakened her to tell her about it.

The girl sat up in bed and listened to me with her eyes wide open, like great violets with the dew on them, and she turned from red to white, and from white to red; and, of course, girl-like, changed her mind about Fulvia in a minute, and cried over what I said as a child might cry for joy and excitement and bewildered happiness.

"And he won't go away?" she said, over and over again. "He won't go away, will he, Norah? And they'll be married, won't they? And we will all live together, and it will be like the old times, only maybe Fulvia will be happy."

There never were three people happier than those three children were when everything was settled and straightened out, as of course it was; and there never was a girl changed as was Fulvia Desmond. It seemed as if all her old scornful ways were lost in her love for Alex; and the soft, little, timid shyness which stole into her manner made her more like a young girl, and less like a hard, bitter-natured woman. And though Mr. Alexander Muith changed his mind, and came round in time, Alex held to his plans; and though, for Cathie's sake, he did not go to Australia, he went to work on Ballomuith, and fought hard, too, with the old, easy-going, careless way of the place and people, and in enriching the estate by his labor and management, enriched himself, too; so that at this day they stand as high as the highest; and I have reason to be prouder of my children than ever, for Fulvia is the greatest lady in the country, and her handsome children are the pride of the county.

The True Flame

"I can call spirits from
the vasty deep!"
"But will they come when
you do call for them?"
King Henry IV.

By

William Dunseith
Eaton

IT was a woman who said, "Of course I don't believe in ghosts, but I'm horribly afraid of them."

There you have the general attitude toward spiritism: doubt, curiosity, and veiled fear; for in spiritism ghosts are pretty much the whole thing.

No consideration of prophecy, nor any search for the influences by which it is transmitted can go far without taking account of that strange cult, its assumption of knowledge covering future as well as past or present things, and its dealings with the dead.

It is a muddle. The one thing certain in it is that if King David was right as well as hasty when he said all men are liars, his axiom is only slightly modified beyond the grave; for of that sort are most of those who communicate through its media with those who are still on this side that melancholy excavation. The exceptions are rare, and have the usual effect upon the rule.

All the demonstration directly within my own knowledge has been through people openly or tacitly committed to spiritism, but a long course of search and sifting has disclosed the operation of two modes: one personal and unblushing in its claim to specific inspiration, the other impersonal and silent on that point. Whatever of real merit has come to me came through the second of these.

* * * * *

There are many kinds of "readers," nearly all worthless, or worse. Most of them have an extraordinary hold in that their patrons are prepared to believe whatever they say, and ready to help out by blurting answers to leading questions.

I mean, as a generality. The determined doubter who may still have a secret wistfulness feels it due himself and his own cold head to admit nothing and meet everything with a matter-of-fact solution, if he can't deny it out of hand. The discredit readiest in the mouths of such people is the charge of conspiracy, or underground information, or mind reading.

A merchant friend of mine in Lispenard Street once referred me to a Mrs. Striker, in West Twenty-third Street—New York. When I called, Mrs. Striker was out, but expected shortly. In her waiting room sat an elderly stout man, marked all over with opulence and decision. When Mrs. Striker returned she came into the room and spoke to this man first, calling him by name. He tightened up, and bowed stiffly.

"You came from Skeneateles to see me on account of the trouble you've

had with your son, but all I can tell you is that he is just as sore as you are —and that your wife's headstone was broken by accident, not on purpose," said Mrs. Striker.

His face reddened like a harvest moon new-risen, and as soon as his gasp was over, he came back heatedly:

"I might have known it. You've had detectives looking me up."

"Certainly," retorted Mrs. Striker. "I have had detectives looking you up where you live, for several days, and it has only cost me about a hundred dollars. My fee is two dollars. That's the way I am getting rich. I never have seen nor heard of you until this moment, and please let me never see nor hear of you again. No—there'll be no charge. Good day to you."

"They make me tired," she said, when he had gone, adding as a descriptive afterthought, "The old fool!"

Then she tried to read for me, and gave me nothing. "I can't see anything for you," she said, and would not accept a fee.

* * * * *

Where the gift is real, it is a gift inborn. It is a strange one, but understandable, and its occurrence is old in history. If you will read the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, you will find good authority for that statement.

In the net result, it shows unmistakably the action of intelligences highly advanced, and having over us some such advantage of vision as a man on a hilltop has over a man shut up in a valley.

What are they? We know what they are commonly said to be, but that fails to answer the question. Thought transference does not account for them where they deal with things unthought of, as in my own experience with the Indian and the coal, with the linotype machine, or in the case of Mrs. Hesse. And then, how many who offer that answer can satisfactorily clear up thought transference? Nor am I sure they fall within the province of psychology, if, as Professor Ladd tells us, psychology is employed with "recognizing and defining states of consciousness as such." Psychology is not yet a science; its data are too meagre and too crude. They appear to me rather to belong in the domain of biology, because they seem to be just outside the present limit of biological exploration. They are, above all things, *clive*, and become apprehensible when certain truths are assembled and the meaning of those truths is read.

* * * * *

Gilliatt sometimes found in his nets curious marine organisms that were not perceptible in the water, but became so at once they were lifted into air, and this made him speculate upon the possibility that in the air also other organisms might exist, invisible there, but tangible in an element as much finer than air as air is finer than water. Hugo was super-scientific when he wrote that story, but at least he set up something that would have explanatory effect upon many things physical science cannot touch, and psychology would fumble at. We have less ground for assuming that all life and all sense must cease when we do here, or even in another stage next to this one, than for assuming the opposite. "To the minnow," says Teufelsdrokh, "every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar," but the minnow is not aware of the ocean, with its teeming, multiform, sometimes monstrous life, its mountainous heavings, its myriad manmade ships. Yet the ocean, the life, the ships and the men are there, under a scopeless firmament, flecked with brave floating continents of cloud, fretted at night with golden fire, the light of other worlds. The corollary is plain.

Life has an infinitude of forms, and the higher these rise, the greater their power, the farther beyond analysis.

* * * * *

Faith in all ages has postulated a hereafter. Higher knowledge has tended latterly toward its acceptance as a fact. There even have been cases in which individuals claim to have temporarily reached the plane of spiritual consciousness, and actually made demonstration of another life; but there is neither sequence nor continuity to

these experiences, and we are told that sometimes the first exaltation and ecstasy are succeeded by other experiences of a nature too horrible and degrading for expression. If you want more about such cases, read "The Varieties of Religious Experience," a book written by the same Professor James whose observation concerning white crows I have quoted. Professor James was a distinguished scholar, holding the chair of philosophy in Harvard University, a doctor of laws, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science. He contributed much of importance, and with authority, to this department of knowledge.

* * * * *

No man ranks higher in physical science than Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the University of Birmingham. In his work on "Life and Matter," Sir Oliver says of those who think reality is limited to its terrestrial manifestations, that they "doubtless have a philosophy of their own, to which they are entitled and to which at any rate they are welcome; but if they set up to teach others that monism signifies a limitation of mind to the potentialities of matter as at present known; if they teach a pantheism which identifies God with nature in this narrow sense; if they hold that mind and what they call matter are so intimately connected that no *transcendence* is possible; then such philosophers must be content with an audience of uneducated persons, or if writing as men of science, must hold themselves liable to be opposed by other men of science who are able, at any rate in their own judgment, to take a wider survey of existence, and to perceive possibilities to which said narrow and over-definite philosophers were blind." A finely veiled suggestion to the school of Haeckel.

* * * * *

Such a wider survey of existence brings into view a sequent line of fact that leaves only a little for inference in explaining prophetic power, though it does not extend as far as the faculty that sets prophetic power in action. Any philosophical view not hampered by tradition or coarsely physical data must discern that reality is not "limited to its terrestrial manifestations"; that life does not terminate with the death of the body; that it proceeds farther than the senses permitted us here may trace its progress; that we are part of a universe into which nothing can come, because it includes all, and out of which nothing can go, because it has no outside. In this brief stage where we manifest and employ ourselves, we are quite properly excluded from familiarity with the permanent and less gross phases of life. Spiritism offers glimpses of them, but in nearly all cases such glimpses are distorted by what the player king in Hamlet calls a "bisson rheum," and we are not obliged to take them at their professed value. There are more respectable data to go by, at least part way.

In 1903 the school of Nancy in France found ocular evidence of the presence in the physical body of another body, composed of physical magnetism, and so suffusing the physical body that it was repeatedly photographed, showing itself in accordant action with every movement of muscle or limb.

Last April Dr. W. J. Kilner, of London, succeeded in visualizing this aura (as he styles it) by strictly scientific methods. The European correspondent of the Laffan news bureau was present at a demonstration made by Doctor Felkin, a colleague of Doctor Kilner.

"The doctor," he says, "has made an apparatus which consists of a number of what he calls spectauranine glass screens, each about four inches in length and an inch and a half wide. Each screen is made of two plates of very thin glass, between which, hermetically sealed in, is a fluid. The screens vary in color. Some are red, others are blue, varying in depth of color to suit the eyes of the investigator.

"In a small room was the subject of the experiments, a well made woman of medium height and apparently in good health. Doctor Felkin first of all told her exactly the nature of the experiments he was about to make. Then, having instructed the observer to look steadily at the daylight through

one of the spectauranine screens, and having placed the woman about a foot away from a dead, dark background facing the only window in the room, he proceeded to draw a dark blind half way down this window.

"From below he drew up a blind of dark serge until it overlapped the upper blind sufficiently to allow light so dim to filter into the room that only the white form of the subject's body could be discerned in the gloom.

" 'Now, turn round,' said Doctor Felkin, "and tell me what you see, or if you see anything at all, for there are perhaps four or five persons out of every hundred who, through some inherent defect in the eyesight, are physically unable to perceive the aura.

"For perhaps a quarter of a minute the only object that could be made out in the darkness was the subject's form and its outline. Then gradually, as the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a sort of double mist or halo, the one within the other and the inner one denser than the outer, became more and more distinctly visible.

"The outlines of this mist exactly followed the curves and the contour of the subject's body. The color of the outer aura seemed to be a blue gray, that of the inner aura was darker; also, apparently the inner aura was denser. In the triangular space formed by the sides of the body and the angle of the arms, as the subject remained with her hands resting lightly on her hips, the halo could be seen most clearly.

"Presently, acting upon Doctor Felkin's instructions, the subject raised and extended first one arm, then the other. Then she joined her hands at the back of her neck. And always the mist of aura followed, as though it were itself an outline of some sort of shadow of the limbs.

"Doctor Felkin's next experiment was to make hypnotic passes in the direction of the patient, first from one side, then from the other, while finally he stood beside her, and raising his arms vertically bent over his hand, allowing his partly extended fingers to point down directly to the crown of her head.

"Every time these passes were made a fine streak of indescribable hue seemed to shoot out from the tip of each finger straight toward the subject."

The observer, naturally, wanted to know what practical use could be made of the "discovery." Doctor-like, the exhibitor explained that "the aura varies in shade, density, breadth and shape, according to the subject's health. An acute and lasting pain such as sciatica is made visible by the length to which the aura of a particular shade and density extends along the limb in which the pain is felt. The aura of a subject suffering from hysteria differs entirely in outline from that of one suffering from epilepsy."

Dr. Patrick S. O'Donnell, of Dublin, who is now in America, has improved upon Doctor Kilner's method of observation and made successful use of the visible aura in diagnosis. Doctor O'Donnell has gone even farther than his English colleague in defining the aura. He has found a fine inner division, conforming precisely with the lines of the body and appearing less as an emanation than an extrusion, and this he calls the etheric double. It is constant, of varying color with different people, and less affected by health and conditions than the other two.

About 1895, Charles W. Leadbeater published a full description of these auræ, with their meanings in mentality and moods. His book is extant, but commands no attention because it is dogmatic, the output of a philosophy and not a report of deductions scientifically obtained.

Prof. Elmer Gates in his Washington laboratory secured photographs of this same magnetic body some five years back, in one instance showing its departure out of an animal body immediately after physical death; and more than twenty years ago Prof. Elliott Cowes, biologist of the Smithsonian Institution, succeeded in demonstrating it with a living human subject, and found that it had no independent power of thought or will. Of itself, it was what Professor Cowes called "stuff"—attenuated matter, merely.

It is sometimes called the astral shell, and is capable of being independently projected in our field of vision with considerable appearance of solidity, especially when the physical body is in suspended animation.

As it acts upon the physical body, so is it in turn directed by a finer body of magnetic matter which for the purpose of present understanding may be called spiritual, and this third body has conscious intelligence. The two are contained in the physical body as water and sand may at the same time occupy one cup.

We know the total organism has intelligence. We know that in death the physical body has no such thing. It has been found that the body of

physical magnetism when isolated is similarly lacking. Apprehension, memory, and all the confluent results of living, are with the finer body of spiritual magnetism, and properties of it alone. The ultimate destination of this third or spiritual body may be largely an inference; but the inference is hard to escape. Doctor Drummond, of the University of Montreal, made a rational case for it in his singularly interesting book, "The Ascent of Man."

The three-fold constitution of a human being is no new concept. It is old as the "problem" of life. It it be not true at least in its conclusion, then the whole scheme of creation is a blind ferocity, having no purpose but cruelty,

no outcome at all. A chaos not to be thought of, in fact, impossible to think of.

* * * * *

The steps in the process from our present condition to that in which those advanced intelligences have their being are traceable with comparative clearness. The way in which they sometimes impart to us word of things that are outside our ability to foresee is explicable.

When a man's physical body dies, his magnetic body is set free, carrying with it the really conscious body of spiritual magnetism. The condition then entered upon is variously known as purgatory or limbo, or the valley of the shadow, or the land of shades. The interior spiritual body is in turn set free, when it has outgrown the magnetic body—somewhat as the magnetic body outwore the physical and the physical outwore its clothes.

Soon or later after it is cut loose, it passes beyond our power to follow with any certainty that could easily be made clear. The change may be abrupt, but insofar as concerns the one that occurs with the death of the body it brings no corresponding abrupt change in the nature or character of the body's late inhabitant. The "twinkling of an eye" change comes not then, but far off in the sempiternal spaces, outside the little circle of this world and its dull dial-light.

A scoundrel here is a scoundrel there—a good man is a good man, but the scoundrel lingers longest, and is most free to talk or otherwise display himself according to his evil nature, whenever he can. The eidolon of a bad man, actuated by a spiritual consciousness in a low stage of development, is dull, and hangs as long as possible around the scene of its fleshly history. It is earthbound, and eager with a longing to gratify the old appetites and passions, to repossess itself of a fleshly body for that gratification. Hence obsession, an affliction not uncommon, but seldom understood. Hence likewise the grewsome performances in dark seances, and the maunderings of most psychics.

On the other hand, a high individuality stays near us but a little while. It follows a natural tendency and passes onward, and there we lose touch of it. Such a one has no more wish—or power—to turn back than a full-grown man has to resume the status of a child. The wish to retrograde is in a ratio inverse to the degree of development; the power is absent even if the wish were there, for just as lighter bodies ascend where heavier would either sink or remain stationary, so the finer souls pass on, and in a little while are outside the most remote rim of our perception. Not even faith, to which so many of us pin so much, has held out hope that love or longing or anything else can bring them back across that boundary. It is in very truth the bourne from which no traveller returns.

"O, how far,
How far and safe, God, dost thou keep thy saints
When once gone from us! We may call against
The lighted windows of thy fair June heaven,
Where all the souls are happy, and not one,
Not even my father, look from work or play
To ask 'who is it that cries after us,
Below there, in the dark?' "

How do I know this to be so? The answer in full would open quite another province of life, and lead away from the sole argument at present sought to be established. But I may say I have twice had word of—not from—those who were about to pass out of the second remove from earth, into the third; once of the wife who had gone out with such tragic suddenness, and again of one of the sanest and broadest men of great affairs America in the nineteenth century produced—I withhold his name for family reasons only In both cases I was informed they were about to go another step beyond and would lose sight of me until my own arrival in that freer state.

* * * * *

In all cases, the deserted body of physical magnetism eventually returns to its original elements, as the flesh-body does, but sometimes its dissolution is arrested; and then, as one writer says, "it may be taken possession of by spiritual intelligences other than its original owner, and preserved intact

for a considerable time. It may be, and often is, employed as a sort of mask by unscrupulous intelligences on the spiritual plane, for the purpose of impersonating its original owner to subjective psychics who are unable to control the processes by which they are impressed with subjective clairvoyance."

Besides furnishing inspiration to such clairvoyants, these dangerous simulacra, original or impersonating, cause all physical manifestations—absolutely all save those that are produced by deliberate jugglery. Their impersonation is by no means confined to "the original owner," but may be whatever the usurping tenant pleases to make it.

Take an instance: I had two sittings with a Mrs. Lukens, in Louisiana Avenue, Washington. They were separated by an interval of two weeks. I tried them at the suggestion of Dr. Phœbus Baxter, then chief medical dispensing officer of the United States army. Mrs. Lukens believed herself to be controlled by the spirit of Leopold de Meyer, a famous musician. A more impatient or dictatorial control I've never come across. At the second sitting I ventured to question some statement that seemed to me unsound.

"Don't contradict me," came with a burst. "I'll bet you every dollar this woman has in the world that I am right."

I withdrew the question. I don't recall just what it was, but I can't forget that sporting offer.

The conversation went on to cover events known to me as having marked de Meyer's professional work in America. "Corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative." He or it claimed to have died the bodily death several years before.

At the time, I was associate editor of the Washington Republican, now the Post. The first thing I picked up from my desk when I returned to the office was a copy of Freund's Musical Journal, just issued, and the first thing I saw in it was the announcement of the death of Leopold de Meyer in Europe, the week before. I have no doubt the control was genuine, but likewise there was not the slightest doubt he was a liar excarnate. He had impersonated de Meyer to me at my first sitting, two weeks before, while the real de Meyer was still in the flesh.

It is common with media to pretend to comply with a wish that some certain personality be produced. The benefit of a doubt may be extended now and then, where the medium is imposed upon by a cheat, as in this case, but their writs have no force in shadow land. They cannot command visits from designated shades, no matter how ready they are to take money for assuming to do it.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glendower, vaunting himself.

"But," snapped Mortimer, "will they come when you do call for them?"

Glendower made no answer to that. It is not impossible for a clean soul to manifest itself while it still remains near enough, but it seldom happens so. Unclean spirits, with souls still small and dark, come when they will to come, and can; not when they are called. It is a rare occasion when one of them cries a truthful "adsum" to even the most strenuous requisition.

I have had prophecy a-plenty purporting to come from spirits. Not one such has worked out in fulfillment, Not one. As I have already said, those that were fulfilled came with no charge that they were of any such origin. They came as prophecies merely.

* * * * *

Our solar system is travelling toward the star Arcturus, a sun a million times the size of our own. Arcturus moves in an elipse still farther flung, toward another and a greater sun. If you could stand upon the farthest of them all, there would be others, still as far away—and so on, for ever, and for ever. To the Ineffable that holds these endless systems in perfect and harmonious balance, there is no such figment as time, neither past nor future, but only "a universal Here, an everlasting Now."

That is obvious; and being so, it also must be that what we call the

future is quite as much a fixity as what we call the past.

To say this is not to declare fatalism, in the abject Arabian sense. I take leave to back it up with the authority of the Westminster Assembly, whose formulary after declaring God to be a spirit, "infinite, eternal and unchangeable," omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, goes on to say with precision that "He hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass," supplementing Isaiah's majestic presentment of Him "Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done."

Here is no quibble, nor any attempt to limit the illimitable, and it is a declaration basal in the structure of one of the greatest of all modern religions. It involves no derogation of the human will, for will is a power, not a faculty, and the laws governing its use and direction are not in conflict with other laws. Universal law is another name for universal harmony.

It is there—the future, with all its happenings. Now and then comes a rift, a vista is opened, fleeting, fragmentary, but lucid. There is nothing miraculous about it. It is as natural as anything else, only we do not understand all that lies back of it. The whole past was once a future, and it has happened. By chance? There is no such thing, for if all things were not parts of a settled order, nothing whatever could possibly be. By the mutable will of a placable god? No, for such gods die painfully, among their worshippers. "Sweep away the illusion of time," as Carlyle advised, and the answer will begin to appear.

* * * * *

I have spoken of intelligences upon an advanced plane of life having over us some such advantage of vision as a man on a hilltop has over one shut in a valley. Given the sympathetic element and an organism open to it, there is no more mystery in communication between those intelligences and others on this plane than there is in the transmission of intelligence by electrical impulse over wide distances, on the waves of etheric tides. But it is a high thing, no more common than it should be. Bearing in mind the processes following physical death, it is not difficult to understand, yet our knowledge can go but a little way beyond a recognition of the fact, and the method. Nor is it necessary we should be farther informed. When in the ascending scale of life called evolution we have spiritually risen far enough, fuller knowledge will come of itself. To desire it now is natural, and a part of that ferment which is growth; but to grope for it would be like grappling with infant fingers at a shoreless sea, and closing our hands on water. We have other things to do, moreover, than cry for the doing. It is a wise providence that hides from beasts what men, from men what angels know.

* * * * *

Our powers enable us to perceive and dimly understand nothing higher than conscious intelligence. This is a faculty, manifest not only in the operation of the universe, but in the human soul. In our fleshly condition, consciousness is reached through senses that are affected or actuated by things outside the body, and these senses are commonly mistaken for consciousness, though they are transitory, while consciousness is permanent. It is the sensorium of the soul, as the brain is the sensorium of the body. The brain and the body "die." The body of physical magnetism is thereupon liberated, carrying the spiritual body within it. In turn the physical magnetic body also dies or disintegrates, and the spiritual magnetic body, carrying the soul and its conscious intelligence, passes beyond. Consciousness remains what it was, but emerges from its obscuring folds and rises higher as these changes successively take place. The higher it rises, the more it *transcends the limitation of time.*

This brings us to the place where prophecy becomes possible, and where it is proper to show how it comes.

* * * * *

There are people so constituted, physically and psychically, that their (inner) consciousness can and at times does rise into contact with consciousness set free and share in the command

of vastly wider horizons both of past and future, than are open to the rest of us. At such times their outer senses may or may not be active, but the interior faculty of consciousness is in temporary independent action. It retains connection with the body and the objective senses, through which it sends its messages, to be delivered by the physical organs of speech.

Where this psycho-physical organism is found, real prophecy is possible; but nowhere else. Though trance is sometimes employed, such a medium usually speaks in the ordinary way, having every appearance of normality. The half-breed of the Great Slave Lake was such a one. His process was simple. When he felt the intimation, he did what you hear so many ineffectual men and so many women of too much leisure talk about doing. He "withdrew into the silence." It would not be a bad thing if they would—and stay there.

A curious thing is that these genuine media seem to have no idea of the truth in their own cases. If you ask them, as I have done, how they get what they deliver, the answer will be, "It comes to me," or "I hear it," or "I see it in symbols."

Where the answer says "sperruts," or if a specific "sperrut" is named, take up your hat and walk. You are in the wrong flat.

* * * * *

It is no part of my intent to do more than set out the presence of prophecy as a living quantity, now as alway. The empirical modes employed by card and palm readers and by astrologers are as much in their way responses to a universal craving as the procedures of psychics and the genuine messages that sometimes float down to us; and I have tried to show them all. But in doing that, and in the final consideration, a recognition of life as something far more than a passing show on a comparatively gross level of matter, is not to be escaped by any course of reasoning that goes at all farther than the nearest material things. I quote again from Sir Oliver Lodge's "Life and Matter":

"Whatever life is or is not, it is certainly this: It is a guiding and controlling entity which reacts upon our world according to laws so partially known that we have to say they are practically unknown, and therefore appear in some sense mysterious. . . . I conceive that it is independent, that its essential existence is continuous and permanent, though its interactions with matter are discontinuous and temporary.

"It is intelligence that directs; it is physical energy which is directed and controlled, and produces the result in time and space.

"Is it the material molecular aggregate that has of its own unaided latent power generated this individuality, evolved these ideas? There are some who try to think it is. There are others who recognize in this extraordinary development a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by physics and chemistry, but using the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation, and of lofty joy, long after this planet—nay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present sphere of destiny and retired, cold and lifeless, upon its endless way."

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limps prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, and finds he has photographed the creature crouching to spring upon Nora. Swanson goes out to patrol the premises, meets the werewolf and goes utterly to pieces. Later in the night the thing creeps up to the front window, is fired at by Brady, but manages to make its escape. Brady follows it.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"We'll get you yet, you spawn of Hell!" he cried. "Thompson, bring the lantern!"

"Steve, Steve, you're not going into those woods!" screamed Nora.

"No, but I'm going to see what his tracks are like," said Brady, bending over some impressions in the ground, "the trees make it too dark here."

The party had completely forgotten Swanson, but when Thompson entered the main room he found him, a helpless wreck as before, again coiled in a chair. And Nora, who had come downstairs in a long dressing gown, was ministering to him. She was no longer the nervous girl—she was the woman aiding one in distress, regardless of surroundings.

Thompson took the lantern to the lawn, and Nora and Emmett, who remained with her, shotgun in hand, could see the little group outside bending over something and discussing it earnestly. Then the lantern commenced to dance toward the house, where it stopped for a moment and a scrutiny of the porch was made. Then the three men silently entered the room, ignoring the cringing Swanson, who was moaning:

"Human bullets will do no good! No good!"

"Shut up," said Thompson, roughly. "Are you absolutely certain you hit it, Steve?"

"I fancy the first shot reached the mark." said Brady. "I saw the glass fly to pieces directly where its face was pressed hard against it. Whether the glass deflected the other bullets I don't know."

"And yet there's no blood on the porch," said Thompson, thoughtfully.

"Is there any on the lawn?" asked Nora, quietly.

"No," said Thompson, in some surprise. "We followed the route it took. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought I hit it at least once when it stopped for an instant," answered Nora, quietly.

They looked at each other in silence. Nora was the first to speak.

"Did you find the tracks?" she asked.

"Yes," said Brady, slowly.

"What were they?" she demanded.

"They were not like the tracks of any living thing I have ever seen," said Brady.

Then they were all again startled by a wild cry and a heavy fall on the floor. For Swanson had fainted again.

CHAPTER X.

The night that followed was one that lived long in the remembrance of them all. Tired and worn, they finally restored the broken down Swanson and placed him, a limp mass of humanity, on the bed in the room from which he had come. As before, he only moaned feebly, but to the anxious scrutiny of his companions there was no sign that his brain was affected. Some of his spirit seemed to have affected the atmosphere, for all were more careless in their goings and comings. A sort of fatalism seemed to imbue them all. Thompson would stroll listlessly to the rear window to glance over the lawn, and then return, stopping for a few minutes' conversation in the big room, where Nora and Mrs. Lawson were seated, silently waiting the coming of the dawn. Even Emmett did not maintain the attitude of alert watchfulness he had kept earlier in the night, and followed Thompson's tactics of merely walking to his post every once in a while to glance out.

"If anything comes," said Emmett thoughtfully, "we might just as well fight it here."

"And it'll be a d——d hard fight," interposed Bennett savagely. He was evidently ashamed of himself for having fallen asleep at his post and was ready to fight anything, no matter whether it was of this world or another. Brady, after carefully loading his revolver, sat in the background, gazing at Nora. The girl was seated bent forward in a big chair, her arms clasped around one knee and her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the blaze. Her hair hung down her back in one long braid and one small slippered foot was thrust out to the fire. The occasion was one when there was no time for anyone to think of conventionality, and Brady, gazing at her as the fire, which had been replenished with wood, blazed up and brought her tired face into relief, compressed his lips grimly. Unconsciously he nodded when Bennett made his remark about the fight.

"It surely will be one hard scrap," he thought.

Weary hour followed weary hour and conversation grew more and more scant as the dawn drew near. All were worn with their vigil, and, although Nora protested at first, Brady decided that she would have to go back to the Springs with Mrs. Lawson, and she at last agreed, with a sweet obedience that made it difficult for Brady to refrain from kissing her then and there.

"We'll see you get everything, Miss Westemonde," said Thompson earnestly. "We've agreed to give each other anything we get. All you need to do is to spend a day of quiet rest at Iroquois. This thing ought to be settled by then. Besides," he added, lowering his voice and glancing at the door of Swanson's room, "we'll have to get Eric out of here. What's come over the man I can't say. But he'll be a maniac if this keeps up."

So when the day finally commenced to show itself, the light struggling feebly through the trees, Nora accompanied Mrs. Lawson upstairs and the two commenced to pack the few belongings that they had brought with them. It was a silent breakfast that they ate, and as he glanced about

the place, Brady once more contrasted it with the first impressions they had formed in the house. Here were the same viands, the same company. But now they were all haggard, one of the number was in a condition bordering on insanity, and all were depressed and anxious to be away. So, with a sensation of relief they watched Swanson swallow a few gulps of coffee, doing even that with difficulty, and then watched him silently go out and crank up the automobile. He had made no protest over the suggestion that he go down to the Springs and await the rest of the party there. In fact, he, too, seemed relieved, although nothing could break the deadly calm of hopelessness into which he had fallen.

"Thompson," said Brady, when Swanson had left the room, "Eric is in no condition to drive that car. Any little fright and he's apt to run it over the bluff. Do you know anything about the machine?"

"A little," answered Thompson.

"What's the matter with you taking the wheel and letting Eric show you how to run it?" asked Brady. "You can let him sit at your left. Then, in case of any necessity, you can control the speed of the car yourself."

"That's all right, Steve," said Thompson slowly, "and I'll do it. But there's another point. Suppose we do run across something? I can't drive the car and control Swanson, too. He's a more powerful man than I am and it's almost certain he will go absolutely crazy on slight provocation. What will we do about that?"

"You'll have to take Emmett along," responded Brady, after a moment of reflection. "He can keep Eric from jumping out of the car or doing anything in momentary delirium, I know. He knows all the wrestling grips that he picked up at the turnvereins, when he used to take photos of the members. I can handle this until you get back.

"We'll run back just as quick as we make arrangements at the hotel," answered Thompson.

"Don't you do it," retorted Brady. "You've had no sleep to speak of for a good many hours now. Neither have I. But I'm going to close up this place and go to that farm a few miles north of here where the deputies are. The only way to work this thing out is to fall in with one of the posses and follow them around. You and Emmett will both be of more value if you stay overnight and come back from Iroquois after a good rest to-morrow morning. Then you can relieve me. If I get a chance to snatch a bit of sleep up at the farm where the posse is staying I'll do it. Maybe I can get a few of them to come back and stay here while they're scouring the woods in this neighborhood. For that creature, whatever it is, is somewhere near here."

"I hate leaving you and Bennett alone here, Steve," said Thompson uneasily, "but I don't see what else we can do. I'll take your advice on the sleep proposition, though. I'm nearly all in. Emmett and I will be back to-morrow morning. If we don't find you here we'll look for you up the road."

It was with a feeling akin to that with which he would have quitted civilization for good that Brady stood waving his hand on the porch as the big auto rolled slowly away down the drive. Thompson handling the steering wheel, with Eric Swanson beside him, giving him instructions in a dispirited tone. In the tonneau sat Emmett, opposite the two women. And the last thing that Brady saw was the little brown-clad figure that sat facing him and the gleam of white as she waved her handkerchief as the auto rounded a curve. Then the woods swallowed it up and he and Bennett stood gazing blankly at the spot where it had disappeared. There was apparently no immediate need for their departure. The morning was still young, and Brady wanted the place to be as neat as possible when they left, so he planned to go over it thoroughly. He looked regretfully at the big plate-glass window and examined in careful fashion the spots where his bullets went through.

"Up here in the centre, when I fired as that Thing was running away across the lawn," he said, "the bullets have bored neat round holes. But down

BRADY IN THE BACKGROUND GAZED THOUGHTFULLY AT NORA, AND SET HIS LIPS GRIMLY. "IT SURELY WILL BE ONE HARD SCRAP," HE THOUGHT

here in the corner, where the glass is held firmly in a sash and where, I suppose, there could be no vibration to take up the shock of the bullet, it smashed out those pieces you see. That's what puzzles me. Why isn't there some blood on the porch?"

"Just what was that face like?" asked Bennett, who had been making a careful search in the ornamental railings of the porch for any trace of Brady's bullet.

"I can't describe it," answered the reporter. "I can't say it was a wolf's face exactly and that's what makes the thing all the more grewsome. It looked more like a human face to me. But the eyes were those of a wild animal —there can be no doubt about that. They shone with that same green light

you see in any savage wild creature when aroused. You know the legend, don't you?"

And he repeated the details of the article he had read in the encyclopædia—of how, in many parts of continental Europe the were-wolf is supposed to assume the garb of a priest and semi-human shape, thus enabling it to approach more closely to little children and perpetuate its unholy existence by drawing the life blood from their jugular veins after it had throttled them. Bennett shuddered as he listened, but remained ready for action.

"Let's go over the lawn again, Steve," he said; "maybe there's something we can find."

But examination of the tracks of the night before revealed nothing. In fact, drifting dust and fine sand, blown from the quick drying soil by the high wind, already made the impressions less clear than on the previous evening.

"Miss Nora thought she hit him," murmured the deputy, "and she surely can shoot with that little gun—she showed me yesterday. But there's no blood here."

"There's a lot of things we don't know," said Brady, dreamily gazing out over the tree tops below and across the broad expanse of water.

"A lot," agreed the deputy, also relapsing into silence.

So heavily did the mystery hang over them that it was in an absorbed fashion that they cleared up the house as best they could. They restored to their places the tennis rackets and net they had used, saw that the kitchen was cleared of all signs of their occupancy, and even folded the bedding and put it away. Brady pasted paper over the smaller holes in the window to prevent insects from entering and tacked a shingle across the larger orifice in the corner. Then, after seeing that everything was secure, he looked about him, ready to depart.

"I'll have to lead our horses up to the farm above here when I go," he said. "There may be no one here for a day or two to water the animals. They've got plenty of grazing in that little lot. I think I'll just turn them over to the farmer up here, whoever he is, and ask him to have them sent down at the first opportunity."

But even as he spoke there echoed the same sound his companions had heard in the night while he was at Iroquois—the sound of a furiously ridden horse. The rapid thumping of his hoofs could be heard over the road at the entry to the estate, the muffled sound indicating that he was traversing the sandy stretch of road which led to the drive. Then came the louder clatter as he struck the gravel section of the way and in an instant he shot madly from beneath the trees, his rider urging him on with whip and spur. At the foot of the porch he pulled up sharply, but even before he did so, Bennett had exclaimed in surprise:

"The sheriff!"

"Ham," cried the sheriff sharply, without stopping to greet him, "get your horse ready at once! Where are those other people of yours?" he added abruptly, turning to Brady.

"They just went to Iroquois in their auto," said Brady in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm glad you sent them in," said the sheriff curtly, "for I was going to do it myself. There's some devilish business going on here and it wasn't safe those women should stay. Another child was killed last night."

"Another child?" ejaculated the reporter and deputy together, in astonished horror.

The sheriff nodded grimly.

"Little Flossie Myers," he said in a tone which showed the inward storm that was boiling.

"Flossie!" cried the deputy; "that little golden-haired kid! Why—well, wait till I get my horse," he broke off and departed on a run for the enclosure where the animals were quartered. From his tone there was no mistaking his intention in the matter. The sheriff, speaking rapidly but clearly, outlined his plan to Brady.

"You'll have to get out of this," he said, "for it would be dangerous for anyone to go prowling about the woods right now. Any deputy would be apt to shoot him down. You'll be in danger if you stay here."

"I know that," responded the reporter quietly, and he related his experience of the night before. The sheriff's face grew even graver as he proceeded.

"Are you sure you hit the face?" he said at length.

"Well, I can't be certain," said Brady, "but anything creeping up the steps would naturally keep to one side so as to avoid being seen from within. This countenance peered at me just from the lower corner of the pane there. And you can see where the glass is broken. But I'll admit that my nerves were a bit shaken—still, I don't see how I could have missed."

For several minutes the sheriff sat, with scowling brow, thoughtfully debating the question. Then he spoke with decision.

"It's best for you to come with us, Steve, or join the deputies five or six miles up north here. I'm goin' to rouse the whole district. We'll send a line of deputies beating the woods in one direction and another line down to meet them from the other way. You can go with which you choose. But you can't hang around here."

Brady thought for an instant.

"I'll keep one horse," he said, "and join the party to the north. This creature, whatever it is, ought to flee away from civilization. It's more likely to run toward our end of the trap."

"Maybe so," said the sheriff impatiently. "Do as you please. But I'd advise you to pull out right away. We don't know what kind of a deal this is we're handling. Here comes Ham, now."

The deputy came cantering around the corner of the house with a grim light of determination in his eye.

"Steve," he called, "are you going to take any of them guns with you?"

"You can take either the shotgun or rifle," answered the reporter. "I kept both the automatics, and the party in the car all have their weapons—but they counted on coming back here, so left the two guns. I kept Thompson's automatic and he took my revolver. Emmett has left his camera in here, too. I kept the automatics because you can load them so quickly."

"Then I'll take the shotgun," said Bennett.

"Come on, Ham," ordered the sheriff restlessly. "Let's be goin'. I'm turnin' south," he said to Brady, "and if you want Ham to lead your other horses along with us, we can put them up at Blagdon's down the road. I've got to go this way, where it's settled, and I can swear in some more deputies."

Brady eagerly welcomed this proposition. It saved him the trouble of leading the horses with him, and he aided Bennett in tying their halters together so they could be taken away. He kept his own horse, reflecting that the gray, although lazy, had still shown sturdy and lasting qualities which might prove of value later on. But even the pang with which he had seen the auto containing his friends speed away was not equal to that which he felt when he saw Bennett and the sheriff disappear with the horses around the bend of the road, the sheriff's last shouted injunction being:

"You ought to get out of here as quick as you can; an' I wish you'd stop up the road and tell the Chinks the same thing. I've got no time to go up there right now."

Brady nodded assent and the next moment he was absolutely alone. It was the first time in his life, he reflected. that he could say that. And yet, but a few days before, he had been in the very centre of the throbbing heart of a great city where the word solitude was unknown. There is something about an absolutely deserted house, or one that has even just recently been left empty, that brings a feeling of depression to anyone who may be forced to pass his time therein. So, when Brady made his last tour of the premises, to see that no matches were lying about which mice might nibble, he had to confess to himself that he was nervous. When he finally shut the door behind him with a bang, locking it and picking his saddle from the porch, he felt a sense of distinct relief. And when he was mounted and had his horse's head turned away from the place, he pulled the animal up for just one final glance about the premises.

How lovely it was, he reflected, and yet, how the associations made it a sight hateful to him! The sun shone as brilliantly as ever, the lake broke on the beach below with the same continuous sound, the whitecaps showing sparklingly all over its surface, with here and there a gull flashing its white wing far below him; the tall pines swayed and their breath came to his nostrils as strongly as ever; but over it all now hung a kind of indefinable poison. He glanced toward the row of silvery birch trees and reflected that in their very shadow, even now, could be found the trace of some foul Thing whose presence had changed this beauty spot of earth into a loathsome nest to be avoided. And with an exclamation of relief, he turned his horse down the drive and cantered away from the scene. On account of the intention of Thompson and Emmett to return, he had left Emmett's camera and some of his other belongings behind. His own suit case was also in the house. He had decided to leave the rifle behind, preferring to trust to the automatics, in case need arose for a weapon. And into the upper pocket of his vest on either side he slipped an additional magazine, each containing eight cartridges. He had buttoned the flap of his left pocket to prevent the pistol from jolting out. But he kept the other open and the weapon ready to hand.

Once he had reached the highroad, however, these precautions seemed absurd. The supreme beauty of the day, the fact that he was well off the grounds where so much that was hideous had occurred, and all his surroundings, in fact, made it seem impossible that there could be death lurking near. Moreover, he noted with satisfaction that the woods were open for a mile or more, affording no place of concealment—in strong contrast to the tangle of forest about the place he had just quitted. So it was with relief that he settled himself to enjoy the ride and eased his horse to a quiet gait. His first mission was to inform the Chinaman of the danger in the neighborhood. Whether the blandly smiling Celestial would believe him, or pay any attention to his warning, he did not know. He thought probably he would not. Still, that was his own affair, he reflected with a shrug, and turned his horse down the path which Morton and he had taken on the occasion of the visit to the house.

At this point the main road was nearly one half mile from the lake. For the first quarter mile the road lay through woods like those he had just been traversing. Then came a tract of dense shrubbery, through which he rode carefully, keeping one hand on his automatic. Then, with the suddenness of drawing a curtain, he rounded a curve and passed through a stretch where the shrubbery, low and stunted, reaching barely to his horse's shoulder, did not obstruct his view of the house. Beyond this again came another stretch of dense woods and then the gate which led to the open fields. Brady looked carefully at the house as he crossed the open space, but not a living creature was near it. Far on the other side of the field could be seen a figure mounted on horseback, riding slowly towards the still more distant pasture, evidently with the intention of driving in the cows that were browsing there. By his flowing blue garments, he recognized that this must be the assistant of whom the Americanized Chinaman had spoken. No more peaceful scene could have been imagined, and the reporter smiled at his own fears as he rode through the last stretch of woods, unlatched the gate by bending from his saddle, and rode toward the house, the gate closing after him with a low click.

On the side of the house toward which he was riding not even a blind was drawn. So he determined, instead of approaching the rear door where he and Morton had first conversed with the Chinaman, that he would ride to the front door and knock. So he proceeded at a slow walk, the feet of his plodding mount making no noise in the sand, and suddenly turned the corner of the dwelling—and in that one instant he understood. Even before he saw the face of the Chinaman light up in hideous rage and noticed the wild spring he made for

"NOW FOR GOD'S SAKE, OLD MAN, TELL WHAT HAPPENED," SAID THOMPSON

the interior of the house, the reporter had wheeled his horse, driving the spurs in until the animal plunged madly in a gallop and headed straight for the gate by which he had come. It was a ride of many yards across the open space and he did not pause to glance at what was raising the uncanny howls behind him but drew his automatic and bent low over the horse's neck, watching over his shoulder for the Chinaman to appear. And as he rode he kept spurring his horse till the frantic beast put down its head and strained every muscle in its stride.

There was the banging sound of a door torn hurriedly open and the Chinaman appeared on the back porch, bearing a rifle. Brady saw him stoop, rest the rifle on the rail, and saw a faint puff of vapor come from the muzzle as the sharp whine of the bullet sounded past his ear—and he pressed the trigger of his automatic and sent a splutter of bullets back in the direction of his assailant. He was at the gate now, but there was no time to bend and open it—and he knew the clumsy animal he rode could never clear it in a leap. So he struck in his spurs once more and sent him straight at the frail wooden pickets. There was a crash, a splintering of wood, a momentary stumbling of his horse from the shock—and he was flying down the wooded section of the path with another bullet cutting the leaves just above his head.

It was only a furlong to the open space, to cross which and gain the woods near the main road it would be necessary to expose himself to the view of the house. But he did not hesitate. To trust to concealment where he was would be to invite certain death. Short as the distance was he had to cover, he saw his only hope mapped out before him as if thrown on a lantern slide. That was, to gain the denser woods, further on, where his automatics might prove as effective as a rifle at short range, and where he might find a hiding place in the dense brush until night enabled him to escape—for he knew that if the Chinaman gave pursuit his own horse had not the speed to escape with him. All this passed through his brain in an instant, and at the thought of his comrades, a great

sob of joy that was almost a prayer went up as he exclaimed "Thank God, they're gone!" For he knew what the move would be in the next second or two, if he fell. One momentary picture flashed through his mind of the stealthy descent by what lay behind him to the Brandt homestead—of the silent attack on the inmates—or Nora! And as he thought of Nora, he gritted his teeth savagely, and it was with a wild sort of fighting joy that he charged out into the open space, his other automatic spitting out shots before the Chinaman had started to fire.

But the Celestial was prepared now. The first sharp crack behind him followed a leap from Brady's clumsy mount which told him the animal had been hit. the next pinged sharply past his shoulder. Then he felt a shock in the left arm as if somebody had hit him forcibly with a club and numbed it. His arm dropped helpless; but he let the reins lie on the horse's neck, seized his automatic between his teeth, pulled out the empty magazine with his right hand, forced in a loaded one and, although he could feel the enamel splintering on his teeth, he clinched them on the weapon and drove back the carrier until he had worked the first cartridge into the barrel. The next moment he had galloped into the dense woods again with a parting shot shivering the leaves behind him—and rode headlong around the curve into a group of galloping deputies and safety.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, for God's sake old man, tell us what happened," said Thompson, seating himself at the side of Brady's bed, while Emmett coiled up in the uncomfortable hotel rocker. "Begin at the beginning and go on to the end. Now that damn doctor is gone, we can talk. Feeling comfortable?"

"Fair to middling," said Brady with a rueful grin. "Can't expect that arm to be really contented for awhile, I suppose. But anyway, here goes."

Brady's arm had been set at last, and the two newspaper men had been roused out of their slumbers to see it done. Sleepy Iroquois had been in bed for four hours, but they had raked a doctor out of his blankets and pressed the hotel clerk into service; and Brady settled back among his pillows to tell the tale.

To be concluded

ALONE BY THE LAKE

BY A. B. HOGG

FROM rustling trees, a balmy breeze;
A darkling distant hill;
Like fairy feet, the wavelets beat;
The starlit waters still.

Sparkling clear, and strangely near,
Each star in heaven burns;
From men apart, to nature's heart,
My sullied soul returns.

SEMI-RIGID GROSS TYPE OF AIRSHIP READY FOR ASCENT

Being a Bird-Man

By W. A. Blonck

Illustrated with Photographs

I DID not know that I was in motion. The sensation was one of being stationary, while the earth dropped away below me. As the balloon travelled steadily with the breeze and I looked over the edge of the basket, it seemed as though an immense and variegated carpet was being dragged over the surface of a vast concavity. When a twist of air caused us to veer or turn round a few times, the concavity with its wonderful pattern of fields and towns, roads and trees and houses, were seeming to be revolved—not us. And as we went higher, the concavity appeared to descend until men were like mites, and the towns and houses, trees and hills, dwarfed into a toy-like expanse of beautiful scenery. No sound came to us then. The city and the great crowd that had gathered in it had motion, but no voice. And always the horizon, the rim of the concavity, remained level with my eyes. The hollow seemed depressible, but its edge rose with us. Not that we had any sense of rising. We were alone and alive over a concave and elastic world, hanging from a round, fixed rim.

It was in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and I was nineteen years old. I had but then entered on the engineering course in my college, and was having my initial view of the great globe I had been taught so much about, and many of whose secrets I knew. The balloon was a captive, with a limit of fifteen hundred skyward feet. The trip did not last long, but when the horizon had lowered to its accustomed level and the surface once more become flat, I stepped out of the car with a new idea. That idea I have followed ever since—the idea of aerial navigation. It was a most awakening experience, which has shaped my course in life.

Air navigation excites at present the warmest interest of the entire civilized world, because it means the abandonment of one of our oldest traditional beliefs—that we are chained

to the surface. Far back in the history of man, as indicated by the myth of Daedalus and Icarus, men have wanted to fly. But not until the twentieth century, through the rapid development of the gasoline engine, was the beginning of the conquest of the air made possible. The old balloons, possessing powers of levitation and descent, but not of self-direction nor of opposition to air currents, had no

PARSEVAL AMONG THE BAVARIAN ALPS

value beyond imparting sensations such as I have described. Once afloat, they were helpless—yet they always had a fascination for the majority of people, often heightened to thrills of delightful dread when an appearance of risk came into play.

I remember one old fellow who tried an ascent, his first, in a captive vessel, and came half way over the side within the first hundred feet with a demand to be "let down."

"Leave me down, darn ye," he called. "I don't like it. I'm skairt."

The operator at the drum gave no attention, and in another half minute he was hanging over the side again, this time half way, reaching underneath with a big jack knife.

"Leave me down," he thundered, "or I'll cut the string."

They "left him down" at once. It was his first go at flying, as I have said, and very likely it also was his last. But I cannot forget the excited anticipation of that crowd over the prospect of seeing him float away to sure disaster, untethered and untutored—nor the disappointment, amounting to disgust, when he was reeved back to them and stepped out, sick but triumphant.

There are balloons yet, and prizes for balloon races—events which lack all elements of sport save that which is known as foolishness. They are teaching nothing, and they have no interest for the men who are earnestly and by scientific means trying to establish a system of air navigation that will have practical, useful, everyday value in commerce and travel.

These men or their successors will succeed. It is an axiom in the mechanic arts that whosoever says a thing is impossible because it has not yet been done, simply states his own limitations. The great things all originated in dreams, and all have come when they were needed. Experts in things already established are invariably quick to discredit anything really new; and conservative (I love that synonym for incapable) mechanicians have a scoff always ready for those who propose bold departures. Once I knew a skilled mechanic who declared the turbine engine an impossibility. I asked him why.

"Because," he said, "I tried to make one myself, and I couldn't."

Yet Delaval developed a successful rotary, and the splendid work of Parsons with turbines has made possible the greatest steamships that ever plowed the deep. He had never heard of either, but on the other hand, the world has never heard of him. Of such is the tribe of doubters. We are on no ground of guesswork in respect of ships that shall sail the upper blue. The next ten years will see them operating over our heads in an organized system of traffic.

Such a system requires a vessel that will rise direct from its resting place; will have its rate of travel from mere

motion to the limit of its propelling power; will travel backward, as a ship does when the engines are reversed; will be free from the employment of any of its power for any purpose other than propulsion; will drive through either cataracts or uprushes of air; and be freely and perfectly dirigible by mechanical processes within itself, without depending upon the instantaneous co-ordination of mechanical parts with an expert man's most alert brain and nerves, for equilibration. It must not depend upon power alone for the means of sustension and movement.

ZEPPELIN OVER LAKE CONSTANCE

It must be safe, for the sake of human life. It must have levitative power sufficient to make it useful in carrying people and goods from any one point to any other point or series of points desired, at a rate of travel (within its limit of speed) absolutely at the control of its pilot. And it must alight like a bird.

Such a vessel we have not yet, but it will come. That is one of the things made certain by universal desire, by the intense purpose which animates the minds and the labor of so many hundreds of the ablest men who grace and accelerate the progress of this age.

At the present time there are two types of airships partly developed: the heavier than air machines, as built by the Wrights and several others on this side and in France, and the lighter than air machines, or "dirigible balloons," as they are somewhat erroneously styled, as built by private corporations in Europe, especially in Germany, for military purposes really, but incidentally for passenger traffic and advertising service in commercial enterprises.

PARSEVAL PACKED FOR SHIPMENT

The lighter than air machines possess not one of the requirements I have enumerated as being primarily essential to everyday usefulness in commerce and travel. I need not go into any argument to establish that point, since in view of their construction, history and performances, the argument presents itself, of itself, with unanswerable force. It is not implied by this that we owe them nothing; for in truth we owe them much, because they have brought forward many features that are fundamental and sound. The deflecting plane, the rudder, and several other items developed by their inventors will be found in the ultimate vessel when the ultimate vessel arrives.

The other type, the dirigible balloon, has advanced far in respect of construction. The major part of this advance has been accomplished in Germany, where there are now three distinct groups in operation: the rigid, or Zeppelin type; the semi-rigid, or Gross type; and the non-rigid, or Parseval type. Of the three, the Parseval type appears to me to show the farthest advance toward a commercially practical vessel.

In this article I cannot go into details of description, nor do I think they would interest other than engineers or people educated in scientific mechanics. But I can say at least that in dirigibles we have come to a place from which we can figure the where-

about of the ultimate vessel below our present horizon. So much has been done that the rest will simply have to follow. Let me explain just what I mean by that.

No important invention ever yet was finally completed by the original inventor. The reason why so much money is "lost in patents" is that backers have permitted inventors to go on perfecting their work long after the basic and valuable invention had completed itself.

On the other hand, the really successful inventions have been commercialized just as soon as they would do the work for which they were intended, no matter how clumsily. In this latter case, swarms of other men see and make improvements, and keep at it until perfection is attained.

Take three instances: If Cyrus McCormick had held back his reaper until it had been brought up to its present state, it never would have been brought up or brought out at all. As soon as he had a machine that would work, he began to make and sell it. The rest came of itself, and could not have been headed off.

If John Stephenson had held back his locomotive until the development of our mountain climbers, we would have had no mountain climbers. We might never have had a railway train. When he had built an engine that would haul a train of coaches, he brought it out. Hence our marvelous space annihilating railway service, the union of the ends of the earth, and a civilization so highly developed that it makes one dizzy to consider it too deeply, or for very long at one time. The mogul engine now daily visible and unregarded contains Stephenson's invention in its heart, but Stephenson did not perfect it. He's dead, and they are still improving the thing he did.

If Ottmar Mergenthaler had been permitted to do all he thought remained to be done with the linotype invention, he would have been fiddling around in his little shop in Baltimore to the day of his death, and we would not have had our great daily newspapers. When Eaton discovered it and recognized the tremendous significance of the basic combination of mechanical elements he had brought together, it was commercialized at once. The quadruple magazine 1911 type of machine is the result of the work of an enormous brood of geniuses evoked by the sheer fascination its earlier weaknesses created among those who used it. It is used all over the world now, and Mergenthaler died rich.

There you have three histories of inventions that prefigure the inevitable development of the ultimate airship. In my opinion we have in the German Parseval machine the first workable model from which that ultimate vessel will evolve, no matter through what means, nor at whose hands. It is already available commercially. The rest will come, and that right soon.

It cannot come too soon. A world demand for it exists and must be met. The true airship will be a servant of art and aesthetics as well as of commerce, just as the marine engine is when it moves luxurious private yachts, or great merchant ships.

No one who has not experienced it can realize the pure and deep pleasure of sailing the air. You see the world that is your home in new aspects of greater beauty than is possible in any view of it from a position fixed on the surface, or on the side of even the loftiest mountain. It is wonderful to watch the ground travel beneath you, to feel so strange a quiet and such a calm sense of safety even at the greatest speeds; to see the shadow of your vessel traveling below you—in the late afternoon maybe a mile behind you—and watch it veer and vary as your vessel does, declaring in every movement the strange truth that you are moving in space, free from all contact with the earth other than the atmosphere surrounding it, held to it only by a diminished gravitative attraction. There is exhilaration and delight, without danger—and you never weary of its repetition.

I have made many flights and participated in many events that have been watched by the nations, but I hope I

have many more before me; and I will go to whatever rewards or hurts the next life may have stored up waiting for me if I may live to be a part of the first world event carried off by airships of the kind I here have confidently prophesied.

Of this I have a hope amounting to something very like a certainty. In the summer of this year I visited France and Germany for the express purpose of learning at first hand the last improvements made in the types of vessel most suited for travel, and found commerce already established in the air. The airship is in precisely the same position occupied by the automobile fifteen years ago, but the rapid action of these later days will bring within the next five or ten years an advance in airships equivalent to the advance made in motor vehicles since 1896. The changes necessary to that result are prefigured now, and all that is necessary to their working out is the active interest of a class of men similar to those who developed the automobile. Such an interest can readily be aroused by anyone conversant with the subject who has the time to give it and the power to command attention in the right quarters. Given that combination and a corresponding enthusiasm, the airship will soon be an object as familiar as the motor car, and man will have come into command of the last unconquered terrestrial element.

SEMI-RIGID GROSS READY TO START. PARSEVAL HANGER ON THE LEFT

SUNSET HILL

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

O, YOUTH has gone across the hill
To find the evening star,
Along the windy pasture lands,
Where the late asters are.

He said an hour's light good-bye,
And promised merrily
That he'd come back o'er Sunset Hill
To dwell again with me.

He stood a moment on the crest
To flute a lilting strain
. . . . . .

Ah, Youth has gone to Fairyland!
When will he come again?

The Price He Paid

By Frank Houghton

Drawings by G. O. Longabaugh

For all things pass away and become a mere tale, and complete oblivion soon buries them.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

GEORGE KING was as mad as the average Englishman, the Esquimaux decided. And perhaps that might account for his spending an autumn camped with several of the tribe in a belt of timber growing along the Ark-i-lin-ik river in the north.

As winter approached, a family joined them, a family consisting of a man and his wife with a daughter of about nineteen and a boy perhaps two years younger. The girl at once attracted King's attention. She was much fairer than most Esquimaux women, her coloring being unusually fine, her eyes brown rather than black, and her eye-brows delicately arched. Her figure was tall and slight, her hands and feet finely formed. Altogether, King found her distinctly handsome, among a race whose women ran to fatness, pig-eyes and dirt.

One day he had gone a little way into the timber to examine some snares he had set for hares, when he came suddenly upon her, bending over one of his traps. At the sound of his approach she sprang erect and faced him, a dead hare dangling by the hind feet from one hand. Her appearance startled him. For an instant he thought her to be a white woman. She met his eye calmly, flashing a quick smile at him and disclosing as she did so a set of white and perfectly even teeth. He smiled in response, and without thinking, said in his own language:

"What are you doing here?"

To his intense surprise she replied to him in good English:

"I was walking, I saw this in your trap and was bringing it to you."

"You speak English!" he exclaimed.

A sudden wave of shyness passed over her, the hot blood dyed her cheeks and she faced him in silence, fidgeting with the dead hare.

From an Esquimaux standpoint she was well, nay, handsomely, dressed. She wore a closely-fitting skirt of caribou skin, tanned almost to the whiteness of snow, finely embroidered with beads. By way of skirts, very loosely fitting trousers reached to her ankles; while on her feet, which were small and well shaped, were a pair of exquisitely worked moccasins. Circling her forehead, in her heavy black hair was a band of gleaming brass, polished until it shone like gold.

"Yes," she replied at length, "I speak English very well; my father was an Englishman. We lived at Churchill, on the Bay. Then my father died, my mother took another man, she is an Esquimau again."

"You have no man?" Of a sudden he felt a strong interest in her reply.

"Ah, no, my mother wants a big price for me, no man in the tribe can pay." Of a sudden her face was stricken with gravity. "I am afraid it is too much, and I will never have a man."

"What is the price?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, it is much," she replied; "a rifle, two pipes, tobacco, beads, a sack of sugar, two handkerchiefs and two packages of needles; that is much, and I am not very fat. I fear there is no man for me," again she sighed.

King drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket and handed her one. She looked at it a moment, then at him. He explained its use to her and struck a match.

"Oh," she exclaimed, then lighted it and smoked.

"Of course," said King, "you learned English from your father?"

She blew a cloud of smoke from her full red lips and with half closed eyes watched it lazily.

"Yes," she replied; "I was fifteen years old when he died. I was with him always, he was the dear, lovely man. My mother speaks English, too, but not as I do. It is my tongue."

"Where are you all going to now?"

"I do not know." She paused a moment, and then added: "We will hunt the caribou and musk-ox, that is all that Esquimaux do, and live in the iglu."

"Would you rather live in a wooden house like those at Fort Churchill?"

"Of course, with a stove, and bread to eat, and tea and tobacco. There was a white man there that said he would buy me. He was very pretty. He kissed me a good deal." She knocked the ash off her cigarette with her little finger, frowning thoughtfully, then continued: "I like the way Englishmen kiss, it is—oh, it is lovely! It makes you feel so good, as though—as though you could cr-r-r-rush them." She looked at him and smiled lingeringly, entrancingly. King noticed that she did not blush. She spoke evenly, naturally, without the smallest hint of coquetry in her tones. Sometimes even yet she felt a sorrow creeping over her, chilling her heart, when she thought of that other Englishman. It was too cruel that he had never bought her. If he had she might have had something to care for, perhaps, to cheer her, to drive the loneliness away in the long winter evenings when the men were all away hunting caribou. She would perhaps have had his babies to care for, his and hers, the mother in her often yearned.

The Englishman sitting beside her reminded her of the one she had lost, but he was a bigger man; she stole a glance at him, she noted his handsome face, his ruddy color, his fair clustering hair which curled a little about his white brow; his blue, blue English eyes. She told herself that he was a very pretty man, much prettier than that other. She had seated herself upon a log and smoked in silence for a time. Suddenly she rose to her feet.

"I must go back to the tupec," she said, adding: "Goodbye, Englishman." So they separated, he continuing on the round of his snares.

Until he met her again, three days later, she was seldom absent from his thoughts. After that they met daily for a time, and she always called him Englishman and seemed pleased to see him.

Then came a driving storm, lasting three days. It was bitterly cold and draughty in the deer-skin lodges. He was told that they would build the iglus when the storm abated.

On the morning of the third day, with several packages of cigarettes in his pocket he walked over to the girl's camp. Their dogs, five great huskies, bayed savagely at his approach. An Esquimaux woman, at the noise, put her head out, grinned, and in English told him to come in. In the centre of the lodge the usual fire burned, over which, suspended on a notched stick, hung a blackened pail. The girl was engaged in embroidering a design in silk on a white caribou skin. The father and son were both absent. Seating himself he produced his cigarettes, and when they were all smoking he addressed the girl.

"What is your name?"

"Mary," she replied; "and yours?"

"George King."

"George King," she repeated after him, then put a question. "What are you doing here, in this country, George King?"

"I came to see your people, to trade with them, and hunt the musk-ox and caribou."

"Trade?" she repeated interrogatively.

"A little," he replied, "but I like hunting better."

"You must be a rich man?"

King laughed, shaking his head.

"Oh, yes," she insisted. "All Englishmen who come here are very rich. That one I knew at Churchill, oh, he was rich. He had three pair of blankets, a rifle, much tobacco, and he drank tea every day."

Her mother, stout, middle-aged, supremely ugly, sat on the far side of the lodge, smoking and watching them.

"How many women do you keep?" was her next somewhat embarrassing question.

"I have no wives," he replied gravely. "In my country we generally find one as many as we can manage."

The older woman took the cigarette from her mouth, looked at her daughter and laughed; then she said something to her quickly in Esquimau and they both laughed. The girl questioned him again.

"Are you going to build a post?"

"No," he replied, "I am going to hunt", adding, "will you, your mother and your father, hunt with me? I will pay you."

She did not answer him at once, but spoke again with her mother. Then she turned to him.

"What do you want us for since you have others?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I want you, Mary, because you speak English. I like one with me who can speak my tongue."

Again she spoke to her mother, and again the two women laughed.

"You will give us plenty of tobacco, tea and needles?"

"Plenty, plenty," the man nodded.

She spoke again to her mother, finally promising their decision the next day. He rose to his feet.

"I am going to shoot ptarmigan when the storm is over. Will you come with me?"

She smiled lingeringly, blushing.

"Yes," she replied, "I will come with you, George King."

She dwelt on his name, drawling it a little. Bidding them good-day he left. The following morning broke clear and calm. He had finished his breakfast and was smoking when the lodge door was pulled aside, and Mary's face appeared.

"If you are going to shoot birds, come; I will wait here."

In a few moments he joined her. All morning they tramped through the timber. The birds were plentiful and she carried the bag. They had their luncheon and cigarettes in a thick clump of second growth spruce, a cheery fire blazing.

The week that followed he was with her every day. Once while seated by his fire smoking, he heard the sound of approaching steps. They halted at his door, which was immediately pulled aside and Mary entered. His blankets, in a long roll with caribou skins over them, made a low seat; he pointed to them, telling her to sit down. In silence she obeyed him.

He stirred up his fire, putting more wood upon it. Then, standing with his back to it, he handed her cigarettes and began talking. He noted her unusual embarrassment. Only Esquimau women who were married went to their husbands' lodges. Her former conversation, when she told him of her fondness for Englishmen, recurred to his mind. As he watched her seated before him, he felt that hitherto he had never seen a woman who fitted in so well with her environment, never one more eminently capable. Lastly he told himself that he had never seen one more desirable. Again she looked at him, a trouble in her eyes; then she spoke.

"I have brought you a book: it was my father's. He told me all Englishmen read books."

"A book?" he exclaimed.

She nodded, handing him a little, old, worn volume. He opened it curiously. It was a copy of Marcus Aurelius. On the fly-leaf, in small neat handwriting, was the inscription. "Charles E. Rothsay, Magdalen Col-

lege, Cambridge," and the date "17th November, 1876." In looking through the book he noticed a passage scored with a pencil, which ran

"Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes of a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but a name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling."

He read the paragraph slowly, the pathos of the prophecy striking him. "Charles Rothsay," he murmured to himself. The name sounded a good one. Had he found those things which are valued in this life "empty and rotten and trifling"? Had he, like a certain great one of this earth, found that "life is very difficult"; so difficult as to have driven him into that wild no-man's land where he had met his death?

George King was a "Varsity" man himself. Such a memento of a wasted life gave him food for reflection. He thought of the ugly, dirty creature who had lived with him, and shuddered. Such an infatuation he could not understand. He raised his eyes to meet those of the woman before him. Was he, too, going the way of that lost, lonely man? Was he, too, to find the valued things of his life "empty and rotten and trifling"?

Mary had risen and stood before him. Her arms were bare to the elbow, rounded, beautifully shaped arms; the fingers were supple and slender. He glanced up from the volume he held.

"May I read it, Mary?"

"Of course, George." Her smile was grave; then she spoke again. "Father read it often. He loved it, he read it aloud to me; I too, loved his voice—it was soft, beautiful. I have another book—it is a fat book. I will bring it to you some day; it is all about a man who lived long ago and did wonderful things; his name was Jesus Christ! It is all true. Father said so. He read it to me always before I went to sleep."

"It was the Bible, Mary."

"The Bible? Yes, that was it. Have you read the Bible?"

"I am afraid not all of it," he smiled a little sadly. Then he asked her if she could read.

"Oh, yes. Father taught me every day, till on a hateful day that I will remember till I pass into the great silence, he, my father, went after a white whale and was drowned."

He spoke to her again after a moment's pause, and his face was grave.

"Do you know that you are very beautiful?"

She did not answer at once; then she spoke calmly, naturally:

"Yes, George, I think I am, but I am glad you think so, too. I have a little glass, and when I look in it I think so, the color of my eyes, oh, it is lovely; my teeth are even and white—that, too, is beautiful; but, George, I do not like my skin—it is too brown; I think, too, I am too thin. Alas! I am afraid no man will buy me; my mother wants too much."

"Do not despair, Mary. Some day the man may come"

"Do you think so, George?" She spoke more hopefully; again a mournful note crept into her voice. "I do not know. Sometimes I think my beauty is not of the kind admired by Esquimaux. I am not fat."

The man sat in silence, turning over the leaves of the little book. He looked up at her and smiled.

"I can easily imagine that," he said, adding: "No, you are not fat; but perhaps it will not be an Esquimau who will come."

"Who, then, George? An Englishman?" she asked eagerly.

He looked at her for a few moments in silence.

"Sit down," he said very quietly, a little sternly perhaps, indicating, with a gesture, the blankets by his side. For an instant she looked at him, then, flushing, obeyed him like a child. Her beauty, her nearness, their secluded familiarity, sex, everything, was affecting him as it was bound to do. Her hands folded Madonna wise in her lap, her bare beautiful arms, her head bowed forward a little, she waited, a charming picture of savage modesty, his will or speech.

"And when he comes," he took one of her hands as he spoke, "will you go with him, obey him, love him?"

Her voice sank to a passionate whisper.

"I will be his," she said. "In this land a woman always obeys her man; if she does not he beats her. He owns her as he owns his dogs."

"Then you will not leave me, Mary?"

She turned her eyes upon his face, her voice grew soft, tenderly soft. "I must obey him to whom I belong," she murmured.

He passed his arm about her waist and drew her to his side. With a delicious surrendering of self she swayed towards him. Then—then their lips were joined in a long kiss. She, the untamed daughter of the wilds, had her desire. Her man had come to her at last. She held him in her strong young arms. Again, again, again their lips were joined. She was ecstatically happy. Time, everything was forgotten until the fire died down and the air grew chilly. The man rose to his feet, and for the first time since that rapturous embrace he spoke to her, knowing what he said.

"I will pay the price." As he spoke his face grew grave.

"Now, now, this afternoon, George then I will not leave you?"

"This afternoon," he said, speaking slowly, gravely, as one who makes a momentous decision reckoning the cost, not in the heated way of youth, unthinking, caring naught for consequences. "Will you come with me to your mother?"

She shook her head.

"I will stay here, George, and get your supper ready."

He gave a short laugh. It seemed so simple, the little arrangement. The purchase he found was even simpler than he had thought. He merely told her mother what he wanted. She listened, smoking, then told him the price. He jotted each separate item down on the back of an old letter, promising her everything the following day. She was perfectly satisfied.

"Where Mary now?" she enquired.

He told her. She laughed, remarking:

"She give you heap baby."

So the deal was made, the interview ended. He returned to his lodge and to Mary, telling himself that it was infinitely simpler and much more satisfactory than the civilized method of procuring a life partner. Was he, too, going the way of that lost Englishman? He did not attempt an answer to the question. At present he had what he wanted—a free, independent existence, and, considering the life he contemplated, a charming woman for a companion.

* * * * *

Shortly after Mary had taken up her abode in his lodge, he made a discovery. He had picked up the Marcus Aurelius, their only book, to give her a lesson, and for the first time noticed that he had much difficulty in reading the print. He asked her if she could read it distinctly.

"Of course, George," she replied.

Her reading had been a pleasant surprise to him, for although she read in a labored, halting fashion, it was much better than he had expected, while the pleasure she showed at his satisfaction touched him.

Though he said nothing about his

"MARY! MARY! I CAN SEE THE GLOW OF THE LIGHT; AM I TO GET MY SIGHT AGAIN?"

failing eyesight to her, he thought of it a great deal.

At length there was a move made by the Esquimaux for the open country, King and Mary accompanying them, and the following month they hunted musk-ox and caribou, killing only five of the former, but any number of the latter.

Towards the end of the month King received a shock. It was during one of the frequent spells for a smoke, while seated on his loaded sleigh, he drew the Marcus Aurelius from his pocket and opened it. The printing was a blur and he could not determine a word. He rubbed his eyes and tried again, with a like result. An hour later he had a shot at a caribou standing broadside on at about seventy paces. He had much difficulty in seeing the sights, and fired, missing it clean.

He realized his position then. He was about one thousand miles from the outskirts of civilization with a horde of savages, and his sight was going. It would be hard to conceive of anything more awful. He looked about him to where the snow and sky met on the horizon; then at the nearer objects, the Esquimaux, their dogs and sleighs. The former, grouped together, were watching him and laughing at his unaccountable miss. He had always been a fair shot.

He walked back to his own loaded sleigh, to the woman seated on it awaiting him. Seating himself he filled and lighted his pipe and smoked in sombre silence. He had noticed that the sick or old were never with the tribe. The thought made him reflect and he spoke to the woman by his side.

"Tell me," he enquired, "are the men and women of your tribe never ill?"

"Sometimes," she replied.

"What is done with them?"

"They stay in their iglu or lodge. If it is the woman the man gets meat for her, and if the man is sick the woman hunts."

"If one dies?"

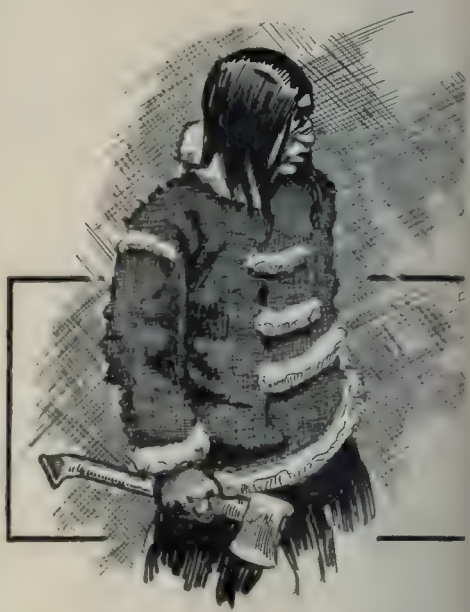
She laughed. "Oh, the other follows the trail, perhaps he dies." She threw out her hands in a quick gesture that spoke volumes.

"If the woman does not care for the man?"

"Ah, she leaves him."

"Horrible!" exclaimed King with a shudder, looking out across the desolate white waste.

Another week passed. His eyes were much worse and sometimes he stumbled as he walked. The woman noticed it and remarked. The man merely



"I COME WITH YOU?" SHE CRIED. "KNOW THIS, WHILE YOU SLEPT

laughed; a hatred of acknowledging his infirmity tied his tongue. She guessed his trouble; her eyes, with a world of devotion in their depths, were ever on his face.

He never now attempted to shoot, but always gave the rifle to the woman. The deer had become to him but moving shadows on an illimitable white field. Another three days passed, and on a morning in the iglu the man awakened, blind! Their bed, as is the custom, was on a raised, broad snow-bench, running along one inner side, covered with caribou skins.

Mary had risen and was moving about. King sat up, hearing her but unable to see her. Instinctively he

passed his hand about his eyes. For an instant he did not realize the full horror of his position. Then suddenly, with the devilish cruelty of a blow, the realization struck him. He threw himself face downwards on the rough hides and blankets, and gripping them with his hands he moaned. The woman, his woman, was beside him in an instant. Bending over him she placed her soft arms about his neck.

OPOLOCTOC, I WOULD CUT YOUR HEART OUT BESIDE ME"

"George, dear George, what is it, darling? Tell me."

"It is only a little thing, Mary," he said; "a very little thing. God has stricken me with blindness, and I cannot even see you, my Mary." He bowed his head, covering his face with his hands. She sat by his side and drew his face to hers, covering it with kisses. She murmured love and sweetest sympathy to him.

"George, my own George, you must be brave. I shall be your eyes, dearest one." Her words were smothered in her caresses. She pressed him to her soft heart. How long they remained locked in a passionate embrace neither knew. A sound, the crunching of snow just outside the door, recalled them to the present. A voice told them that it was time to start. She replied, telling him to wait a moment for her. She pressed her dear one back upon the couch and, saying she would be back immediately, left him. She found all the sleighs loaded, their dogs loitering about unharnessed. She spoke to the others, telling them what had happened. She told them to go on, that she would follow with her man. One, a man who had always wanted her for a second wife, spoke to her, laughing; the others standing near heard him and laughed, too.

"Come," he said. "Your man is done, he is no good. I am a great hunter; come with me, Flower-face." He laid his hand upon her arm as he spoke. She broke from him, catching her breath, her eyes blazing.

"Dog!" she cried, a biting fury in her tones, drawing a revolver from her belt. "Dare to touch me and you die. I come with you! Know this, Opoloctoc, I would cut your heart out while you slept beside me."

Their laughter ceased and they looked at her. Turning, she walked back to her own iglu and a moment later she was with her beloved. Again she held him to her in a gust of savage tenderness. During the month that followed she was everything to him, both hands and eyes. There was nothing she would allow him to do if she could do it. Despite her queer wild blood she showed herself to be one to whom God had vouchsafed those divine gifts, sympathy, tenderness and love in their highest sense. She had to do now as those women she had told him of did for their sick husbands; she had to get food for him. She proved herself to be a most capable provider and an excellent shot, while at skinning and cutting up a caribou she was as good as any man. The great love she bore King was leaving its impress upon her. She was a grave woman now, with the vital things of life to perplex her, but that gravity only seemed to heighten her beauty.

Once while hunting caribou she was delayed about four hours. To the lonely man, with only his gloomy thoughts for company, the time had seemed very

long indeed. He forgot his loneliness in a terrible anxiety.

If anything should happen to her! The thought was a bitter agony. He crawled through the little door of the iglu. A husky dog walked up to him and stuck a damp nose into his hand. He faced the slight breeze. Apparently he was looking out across that frozen waste. Far, far away he heard the melancholy howl of a wolf, and he shuddered and prayed aloud where he stood.

"Dear God, protect her. O Christ, have mercy upon her; lead her back to me, O Christ."

He went back into the iglu and sat down. He was deserving of some slight credit during that time of dreadful waiting, never a thought of his own awful position, should anything happen to the woman, occurred to him; his every thought, his anxiety, his prayers were solely for her. The hours dragged their cruel length on; a horrid misery racked the waiting man. Suddenly a dog barked. He crawled outside again. His ear, quickened by his blindness, heard the creaking of snow.

"Mary!" he shouted, and a moment later he crushed her in his arms.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and again, "thank God! thank God!"

She had killed a caribou nearly fifteen miles away and had packed a great load of the meat back to their iglu. He lifted the load, then spoke to her seriously, trying to put sternness in his voice.

"Mary, it is too heavy a load. I will not allow you to carry such loads for a useless creature like me."

She turned and looked at him a moment, a curiously beautiful smile about her lips, an added softness in her deep eyes. Then she laughed a little, a full rich laugh. He had not heard her laugh for days.

Another month passed on, and on a morning the woman lit a candle, one of the few remaining ones that King had brought into that wild land. The man, uttering an exclamation, sat up.

"Mary, Mary! Oh, my dearest, I can see the glow of light like a white shadow. Oh, God! am I to get my sight again?" He became more and more excited. The woman sat beside him, with her soft arms about him, and calmed him.

"I think your eyes will get better, George," she said.

The smile that touched her lips was very lovely, it seemed a pity that the man could not have seen it. Once he asked if she would go back to civilization with him.

"Yes, George," she replied, somewhat in the language of that beautiful woman, Ruth. "Where you go, dear, I will go; the people of your country I will know and they will be my people."

" 'And thy God will be my God,' " he quoted.

"Of course, dear. I will worship your God if He is good to you."

"Do you think you would like living in that strange country far away from your own people?"

"I do not know, George Never to see again the lovely dancing lights in heaven (the aurora borealis); never again to see the musk-ox trail past slowly, or the great herds of caribou? No, George; I do not think I would like to leave my country. But you do not think of going?"

He looked towards her for a moment in silence, then replied.

"No, Mary, I do not think of going."

A month passed, and every day his sight improved, and on a morning the great change came quickly. He was awakened as usual by the woman moving about. He opened his eyes and —he could see again. For a moment he sat in silence watching the woman. Then he spoke.

"Mary," he said very quietly, "the Christian God has not forgotten me, I think."

She turned towards him, the expression on his face riveting her attention. She stood a moment looking at him, and then she knew. She fell upon her knees. Her hands, locked together, were extended at arms' length before her as though she prayed.

"George, dear George," she cried. Then, swaying, she fell forward on his knees and wept.

* * * * *

The following spring saw them again in the timber on the shores of the

Ark-i-lin ik. King's eyes were nearly as well as they had ever been.

Towards the middle of July two canoes landed opposite their lodge. They were manned by white men. For three days they camped there. The man in charge of the party, a geological surveyor in the employ of the Canadian Government, did his best to persuade King to return with him, telling him he was wasting his life. Once Mary heard them talking. That night she spoke to him.

"George, you must go back. This is not the life for you,' she said.

"Will you come back with me?"

She looked at him a moment and shook her head.

"No, dear," she said, "I love you too well to do you such an injury."

"Mary," he said solemnly, taking her hand in his, "on God's green earth there is no one like you, my Mary."

She laughed a little, but her laughter ended in a sob. He drew her to him.

"George, dearest, that God of yours has been too good to me. I am so happy, George."

"He has been very good to both of us," the man replied.

The day came when the white men had to leave. King walked to the shore with them. The surveyor again tried to persuade him

. "You had better change your mind. before it is too late, and come." King shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I think I cannot go just now." Then they shook hands King stood with Mary and watched the canoes out of sight. Then, hand in hand, they walked back to their lodge while through the gnarled spruce stems there stole a shaft of golden sunlight.

VICTORY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THIS is his shield, deep dinted,
These are his knightly spurs;
Strife in each marring hinted,
Death in yon cut broad-printed—
And oh, in the courtyard's shadow,
The peal of the trumpeters!

The Glad Hand West and Some of its Givers

MR. AND MRS. P. C. LOWES WITH THEIR PRIZE-WINNING TEAM AT THE CALGARY HORSE SHOW

By Currie Love

Illustrated with Photographs

The top of the mornin' to you,
It's the same thing as how d'ye do,
Glad to see you,
Sure, how be you,
Have ye heard anything new?

SO runs the lilting refrain of one of Blanche Ring's joyous songs, and in its cheeriness, its note of blithe camaraderie, and its atmosphere of unquestioning welcome, it might be adopted as the slogan of the west, where nobody asks, "What did your father do?" but "What can you do?" Are you amusing, interesting and a "good head"? "If so, come on in, the water's fine."

Calgary, which might be called the capital of the middle west, since it is the largest and most important city between Winnipeg and Vancouver, is in that state of progressiveness where

one is uncertain just who is *in* Society, with a capital S, and who is outside the pale.

"So distressing to a newcomer, my dear, to find the people who back east were nobodies, positively nobodies, my dear, out here are quite top of the heap."

So murmured a distressed woman who had snubbed the "nobodies from back east," only to discover the next day that they had entered the Holy of Holies, the innermost shrine of polite society in Calgary, and might have pulled her in after them.

To the English people, the distressing thing is that the "society is so mixed."

"Positively, girls in offices are received everywhere. My husband says it gives him quite a start to meet the girl who took dictation from him that day at a bridge table that same night. And the tradespeople! Fancy meeting your grocer and his wife, as well as your stenographer, at a dinner-dance! Isn't it quite too dreadful?"

The American, with his beautiful home on Mount Royal, a suburb which has such a colony of Yankees that it has earned the sobriquet of "American Hill," has still another story to tell.

"Confound this English bunch, anyway," he mutters, as he absorbs a whisky and soda. "They spoil everything with their haw-haw ways and their attempts to introduce polo and lawn tennis. Tennis! Humph! I suppose we'll go back to croquet and ping-pong next."

The fact of the matter is that English dignity, Yankee freedom and Canadian common sense unite to form an excellent combination, as unique as charming. Society in Calgary is more dignified than in the average American town, more varied than in the average English town, and more sparkling than in the average Canadian town.

As is natural in the centre of one of the best ranching countries in the world, the horse gets his due share of attention. The Polo Club, the Hunt Club and the annual spring Horse Show give some evidence of the extent to which this attention is carried. This latter function brings out some splendid specimens of horseflesh, and exhibits good riding and driving, in which the women whips are particularly successful. This spring the world's record for amateur high jumping was broken by an Alberta girl,

MRS. LOUGHEED, WIFE OF SENATOR LOUGHEED, IS ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT HOSTESSES OF CALGARY

Among the givers of the Glad Hand West are Mrs. H. Cardell, Miss Pinkham, Miss Pirie, Mrs. Mewbern, and Mrs. F. Wrigley

Miss Bernice Walsh, when her little cow-pony cleared a hurdle over six feet high. Miss Walsh received the red ribbon and an ovation.

Motors abound in this lively western city, and not a few of the women drive their own cars. One enterprising daughter of the west, who combines insurance and real estate business with society, riding, a golf championship and one or two diversions like that, has just bought herself a smart runabout, in which she dashes triumphantly through the streets, to the admiration of all and sundry.

The Calgary Motor Club is a flourishing organization, which is doing a great deal to help along the good roads movement in the west. Already it is good travelling from Calgary to Banff, and the most beautiful motor road in America stretches from Golden through the Columbia Valley. When the gaps are bridged, and the highway is completed from Calgary to Vancouver, enthusiastic motorists predict great "doings" in Sunny Alberta.

The Golf Club draws a smart coterie of maids and matrons, to say nothing of many men. Saturday afternoon, one of the married women in the club is usually hostess at afternoon tea, when automobiles, carriages and riding horses are clustered thick about the Golf Club grounds. The fall tournament is productive of much skilful playing, and the annual Golf Club dance is a thing to be remembered.

And, speaking of dances, never was there a town so devoted to the terpsichorean art. Calgarians count that week lost which has not at least one dance, and often there are as many as four dances in one week. The Golf Club, the Hunt Club, the Tennis Club, the Cricket Club, the Daughters of the Empire, the Girls' Hospital Aid, the Old Timers' and the Assemblies—these are a few of the regular dances. The Mounted Police give an assembly every second week, known as the "barracks dance," which has been an institution for many years and which brings out all the ranchers and the Old Timers.

Particularly interesting to the newcomers are the Old Timers. They're the George Lanes and the Colonel Walkers of the community, who stick to their wide felt hats in defiance of fashion, and who could buy and sell a dozen of the newcomers and never

notice it. They disdain what Montague Glass calls "real estaters"; but—whisper it softly—many of the old timers have made their fortunes in real estate, and they love to tell you: "When I came west in '82, that corner over there sold for twenty-five dollars. To-day you couldn't buy it for half a million."

Hurrah for the optimistic ozone of the west.

"They do say" that in those olden days society was much more picturesque than it dares to be now, and the revelry by night much more pronounced. Then Calgary was a wide open town, and gambling flourished on every corner. In those days a man who is now a sedate householder, the father of a family, is said to have walked naked down the main street to win a bet. Another rode his horse into a hotel dining room, and a third, an Englishman of title, arrived at a formal dinner in flannel shirt and riding breeches. To the credit of his hostess, be it said, she marched him home dinnerless, telling him that though he might be in what he thought the wild and woolly, there was still a courtesy due to the lady who entertained. The story goes that he returned, imperturbable and correctly garbed, a half hour later, and was admitted.

But nowadays we have changed all that. The men are clothed as impeccably as on Broadway or Regent Street. The women import their gowns from Paris, or have them made from Parisian models by one of the excellent dressmakers in town. Entertaining is done on as lavish a scale as in the older centres of the east, and Calgary women are most gracious hostesses.

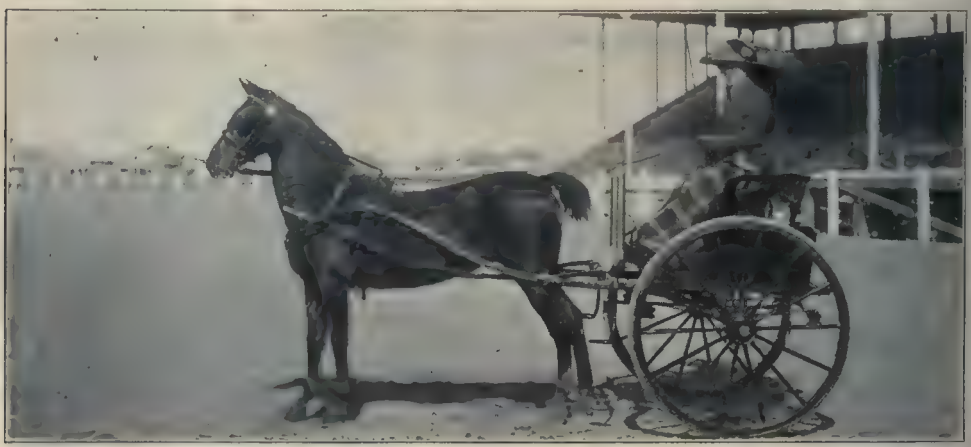
Withal, Calgary is a remarkably clean little city. Considering that it is barely out of its swaddling clothes as a city, and that it is making money "hand over fist," it is wonderfully free from scandals, and its women unite in maintaining the high standard of both public and private morals.

One of the most charming of Calgary's many gracious hostesses is Mrs. Lougheed, wife of Senator Lougheed,

Calgary Hostesses whose doors are always open: Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Pinkham, Miss Lottie Hamilton and Mrs. J. H. Woods

one of the prominent political figures of the west. Mrs. Lougheed throws open her magnificent home to the many charitable organizations of the city, and her spacious ball room is thronged several times during the season with

MISS JANET SPARROW
An energetic horsewoman, golfer and business woman, who also drives her own motor



MISS KATE LOWES AND ONE OF HER FAVORITE HORSES
The horse receives his due share of attention in Calgary, and the women whips are particularly successful at the annual horse show

the many young friends of her sons.

The Calgary Tennis Club is one of the most flourishing organizations devoted to out-of-doors sports. It is particularly well patronized by the English set, and the excellent courts are the rendezvous of many well known young people.

During tournament week in August, tennis players from all over the province competed for the provincial championship events, and the local hostesses gave dances, teas, theatre-parties and motor-rides for the visitors. Miss Griffith was one of the hard-work-

MRS. DAINTRY, FORMERLY MISS GREENE, AN ENGLISH BRIDE

MRS. A. M. GROGAN, ONE OF CALGARY'S MOST CHARMING HOSTESSES

ing members of the entertainment committee, and her car was always at the disposal of the visiting players. Mrs. Dudley Smith, of Calgary, an excellent violiniste, won the ladies' championship of the Province.

Musical and literary women are not lacking. The dailynewspapers devote a great deal of space to women's work, and each has a clever woman writer on its staff. There are a number of women graduates of British, American and

MRS. PERCY BARTON

Canadian universities who are particularly energetic in club and charitable work, and who are a strong factor in the work connected with the proposed Calgary University.

Madame Ellis-Browne, a graduate of the Royal Academy in London, is one of the foremost singers of the city, and her pupils have taken an enviable position in the musical world of the Province. Mrs. Annie Glen Broder, also an Englishwoman, is a brilliant pianiste whose musical compositions earned her a personal invitation to the coronation of King George and Queen Mary. Mrs. (Judge) Winter is another accomplished singer and clever actress, whose services are always in demand for amateur theatricals.

One of the comparatively new woman's clubs in town is the Woman's Canadian Club, which is numerically the strongest in the city. This Club is waging a war against tuberculosis, and is conducting a vigorous campaign for the construction of a sanitarium for tubercular patients.

The Woman's Hospital Auxiliary and the Girl's Hospital Aid are also working to ameliorate the conditions surrounding tubercular patients who come to Sunny Alberta in the hope that the clear, bracing air and high altitude may restore them to health.

Mrs. Lowes is a frequent hostess at the Golf Club; Mrs. and Miss Pinkham, wife and daughter of the Bishop of Calgary, are prominent in philanthropic work; Mrs. Grogan and Mrs. O'Sullivan, both talented musicians and almost inseparable companions, entertain at smart dinners and teas; Mrs. Burns, wife of Pat Burns, the cattle king, opens her Thirteenth Avenue mansion two or three times during the season for formal entertaining. Many of the younger hostesses content themselves with afternoon cards, luncheons and teas, but the round of gaieties never ceases, and, as one exhausted debutante gasped: "It seems to me I get out of a luncheon frock only to change into an afternoon gown, and then hurry home to change for the evening before I have time to breathe."

Calgary society life is strenuous, and the roll of hostesses a long and gracious one. In this stronghold of the "glad hand west," the woman who bears her credentials in her own personality is certain of welcome.

The Game That He Lost

Wherein Highpockets Cost Happy His Last Two Bits, and Looked Into a Pair of Blue Eyes

By M. de Leon

A HORSE loped down the street at that easy gait so well known to the western animal and stopped in front of Malick's Pool Hall, where the sun beat down on the alkali dust between the young cottonwoods. The rider, dismounting, threw the lines over a nearby post and turned to get in out of the heat when the clatter of hoofs and wheels caused him to hesitate. A carriage rounded the corner and passed very near, leaving him to blink in its dust; but he had seen the two women—one a bit overdone, the other cool and sweet in white.

"I sure am from the country to stare like that," he remarked. "That horse was some mettlesome, though, and her eyes were—oh, *racamos*—" He jerked papers and tobacco from his pocket and entered the hall, his spurs clinking. The men, mostly cowboys, looked up as the man entered, one calling out loudly: "Here's old Highpockets now. Come on, man, and back me up. This kid here offered me the belt when I told him a few plain facts 'bout your game. Play, won't you?"

Highpockets, so called because of the distance from the ground up to even the lowest pocket, blinked some more dust out of his eyes, inserted the now rolled cigarette between his strong white teeth and looked at the speaker.

"Thanks," he drawled. "Go on with your game, boys; I'll watch."

The game continued. The Kid's game was brilliant. Highpockets found himself watching intently, eyes half closed above the smoke. Yes, that was a clever shot. He threw his cigarette away and moved nearer the table.

"Jove!" in an undertone, as the Kid, making another equally good play, cleared the table and looked up at the tall man watching him.

"Let's play," remarked Highpockets.

"Sure," agreed the Kid, his manner a bit too agreeable. The boys started betting. "There's my last two-bits," cried Happy Hooligan, "and it goes on old High."

Outside it was hot and still and noiseless except for an occasional clatter of Mexicans passing, or horse jogging by, his rider listless in the saddle.

Inside it was breathless. The squeak as one of the men chalked his cue seemed unusually loud, and one of the boys got a dig in the ribs and a polite request to "shut up" for whispering.

Through the hot afternoon the game extended, the Kid playing just as brilliantly though erratically, the cowboy steady and cool, never a move missing his gray eyes.

The Kid missed the tie ball.

"My last cent," said Happy in an audibly sad whisper, and no one kicked him.

The cowboy chalked his cue deliberately, drew it back for the final shot and —listened. A terrible clatter of wheels and hoofs startled all. Highpockets dropped his cue, cleared the space be-

tween table and horse in short order, jumped on and tore after the racing, toppling buggy ahead, loosening the long coil of rope at his side.

The town, suddenly come to life, followed in carriages, wagons, on horse or afoot; racing, running or walking as the mood struck them, but all eyes intent upon the cloud of dust ahead and the light rider and horse swaying into it.

"That sure is a mean horse," the cowboy mused, between the storming hoof-beats of his own mount "and the devil to pay if they strike that pink tea of Mexicans. Consarn this dust!" He lowered his head and spurred. Gaining the side of the carriage, he swung his rope deftly. The noose dropped over the crazed animal's head and tightened. The horse set back hard; the carriage lurched forward. A white heap landed at the feet of the cow-pony and rider.

The pony knew his business. he must hold that snorting cayuse and yet keep from stepping on the white thing at his feet. The man knew his, too, but he must have forgotten, or else knew and trusted his animal well, for he was standing in the dust, hat gone, looking down on the limp form, oblivious to the followers, who fortunately arrived in time to do that of which the man appeared unconscious. He, a man of action, quick in the corral, stood looking down into the upturned face of the girl, unable to collect his senses. Would she never open her eyes? He lifted her carefully.

"There she is in that tall man's arms. Oh, Mary, child! Oh, what has happened? Bring her here, please."

The voice, high pitched with anxiety, brought the man's senses back to his present surroundings. He looked from the carriage which had driven close to him to the one from which the girl had been thrown. She had been alone, then. He pulled himself together.

"She is all right, I think, though badly shaken. That hat broke the fall." He indicated the crushed crown of the sailor rakishly tipped over the soft hair. "You best get her out of this round-up."

Very gently he laid her on the carriage seat. The girl sighed. Opening her eyes she looked squarely into the man's, and he knew he had never seen any so wonderfully deep and blue. She smiled at his frown of anxiety and tried to say something as the carriage moved away.

The cowboy raised his hand to his head and turned for his pony, which had wandered off to nibble salt grass after being released from business that apparently bored him.

Happy, waiting his chance to help, heard Highpockets mutter something about things being badly scattered, and ran off to catch up the horse. Riding back, the stirrups dangling about a foot below his boots, he chuckled:

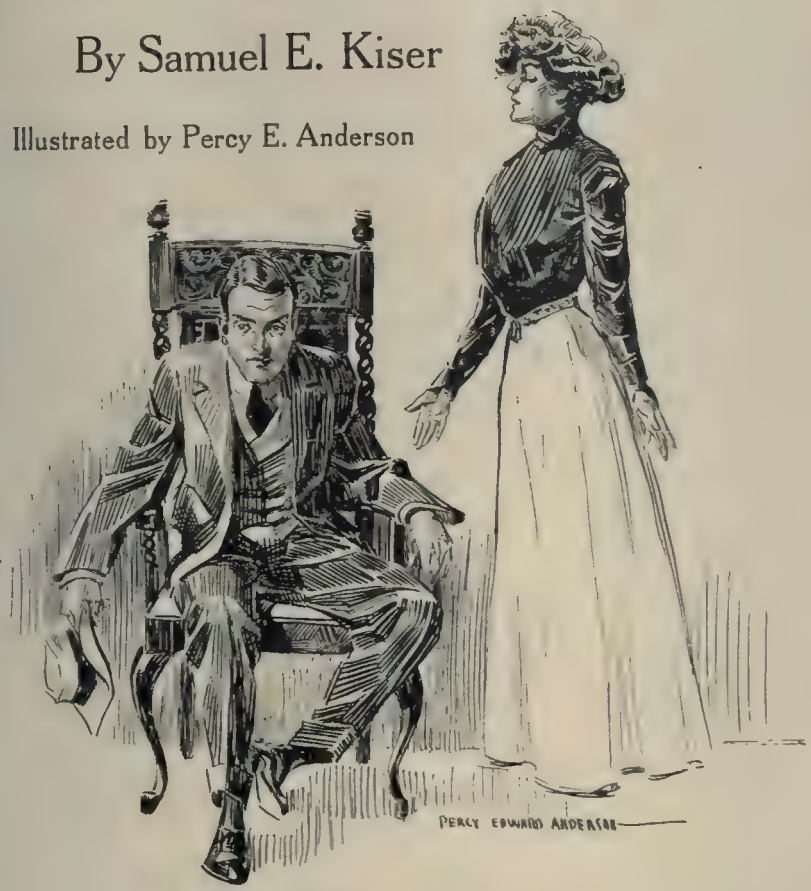
"I still carry those two-bits, High. Comin' in soon?"

"Sure am," replied the tall man, and felt himself grow red under the tan as he swung himself into the saddle and loped off into the lengthening shadows.

The Cad

By Samuel E. Kiser

Illustrated by Percy E. Anderson



"ACCORDING TO MY LIGHTS, HOWARD, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD WOMAN"

"NO, Lilah, it's no use. If you've got yourself into trouble running around with the hands, it's your own fault, and you can't expect me to do anything about it. Run along, now; I'm busy."

"All right," said the girl dully. "I ain't never expected nothin' else; 'tain't no use expectin' in the mill." She turned towards the door, a shabby, pathetic little figure in her cheap coquetry of muslin and shoddy high-heeled slippers. The manager of Mill No. 2 called her back.

"And, Lilah," he said, "if you do any talking"—his pleasant, florid face suddenly darkened and concentrated upon her—"if you do any talking, you get out of this mill, and your folks get out, too. Hear me? Don't come around here again."

She nodded, and went, her feet dragging. Howard Ralston shut down his desk, washed his hands scrupulously, and putting on his top-coat shrugged the matter away. He was tired of the girl, and, besides, she might prove inconvenient now that he was engaged to Pauline Chester.

The Chester string of factories to

which No. 2 belonged would be Pauline's property when old Philip Chester died, as well as sundry other valuable assets that her father had laid up for himself. She was the catch of the town, pretty enough, spoiled, and vain, though with a genuine affection for Howard Ralston under her frothy ways. With the usual freedom of a small city where everybody knows everybody else, Ralston had grown up with Pauline, played tennis with her, taken her to picnics, called on her, and now that she had come back from boarding-school with marvelous frocks and a chic way of wearing them that singled her out from the other girls, had deliberately gone in to win. Pauline was a good investment for the son of Widow Ralston, who had not a penny to his name other than what he had earned for himself.

"Hello, Paul," he greeted her as he ran up the steps after supper. She peeped over the edge of the hammock where she swung idly, and looked at him the kiss that she dared not give openly. It was needless to say that the elder Chester knew nothing of his superintendent's success with his daughter.

"Hello, Howard," she answered. "You look sober."

"Let's hope I am," he countered, laughing. "For the sake of my reputation among the good folks of the city, I hope my sobriety isn't worth such surprised comment."

"Silly!" She made a pretty little moue at him. "There's a sleepy-hollow chair with a lot of cushions in it yonder. Make yourself comfy."

"Too far away." He dragged another one closer to the hammock and settled down within hand-touch.

"Be careful," she warned. "Dad isn't in bed yet."

He glanced at the window behind them. It was dark. From Philip Chester's study, across the hall, a faint glimmer shone. He looked at Pauline's tempting mouth, weighed chances a second, and leaned back. There was no use in giving the game away yet. "Old Chester" was not a man to be trifled with. He thought of Lilah, and frowned a little. That episode was too new yet for him to come out boldly for Pauline, and besides, old Chester wouldn't stand for a penniless son-in-law. As for Pauline, she swung lightly to and fro, and mocked him.

"Fraidy-cat, fraidy-cat!" she sang softly. "Always was a fraidy-cat."

His eyes sparkled, and he bent forward. "I'm not a fraidy-cat, and you know it. Want me to prove it?"

Some imp was at work in her tonight. She pushed the swing with a slippered toe and laughed.

"I'm sure I don't care what you do. But I always did hate these northern men just off the ice. After you've been south awhile you get thawed out—but, oh me! oh, my! it takes you a long time to melt."

She looked at him provokingly. He was sure the coast was clear, and with a sudden quick movement swept her into his arms and kissed her under cover of the gathering dusk. Startled, she gave a subdued little scream and wriggled; and as he kissed her again, a heavy step sounded upon the piazza.

"What! What's this?" Philip Chester demanded, as the two sprang apart. "Look here, Ralston, I don't pay you to make love to my daughter; I pay you to run my mill, and by Gad, sir, I'll have you understand you aren't to overstep your boundaries. Pauline! How long has this sort of thing been going on?"

Pauline was out of the hammock and on her feet now, a frightened little girl instinctively shrinking towards Ralston for protection. She glanced up at him appealingly, but he was not looking at her. He looked almost frightened himself, seeing his carefully arranged plans for success crumbling before him, and he twisted his fingers nervously.

"Pauline! Talk quick!"

She was her father's daughter, and seeing that no help was coming from her lover, she spat it out sharply.

"Howard and I have been engaged for two weeks. We were going to tell you as soon as he got a better position."

"Clandestine! clandestine!" snorted old Chester indignantly. "Let me tell

you, young man, I should have thought a good deal better of you if you had come to me like a man in the first place but since you have seen fit to suit your own convenience, I'll tell you, here and now, that I won't have my daughter marry a damn English nobleman's son who can't prove who his mother was."

"Nobleman—English—" stammered Ralston, turning yellow. "Why, the Ralstons——"

The mill owner cut swiftly across the sentence.

"Ralston, hell!" he said. "Your name isn't Ralston. You're old Sir John Archer's natural son, as anybody who knew your father in England will tell you. There's bad blood in you, young man, and your behaviour tonight proves it. Pauline, you go in; you're a fool. As for you, Ralston, you stick to the mill. If I ever catch you around my daughter again you'll know it."

Pauline made a movement to protest, but he cut her short, and taking her arm firmly, he led her into the house, leaving Ralston trying dazedly to adjust his ideas.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it now, and after a few moments' ugly reflection, he went directly home. At least his mother—if she was his mother—must know the truth of this preposterous story. He would have it out of her. Ralston was of too cold a temperament to boil very long over Chester's cavalier treatment of himself, and before he was half-way home he was scheming some way of recognition by Sir John Archer.

"You're early, Howard," said Mrs. Ralston, half rising from the porch rocker. "Wasn't Pauline at home?"

He ignored the question.

"Sit down," he said curtly. "I want to talk to you. Look here, what's this story about——" he lowered his voice with a glance around—"about my being Sir John Archer's son?"

She caught her breath sharply, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Who—who told you?" she murmured weakly, sinking back into the chair.

"Never mind who told me. What I want to know is—am I?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered, and then passionately, "no, no, you aren't. You're my boy, Howard; I've brought you up from a little tiny baby. You're mine, Howard. Don't look at me like that."

"Cut out that bunk, mother," he said briefly. "I want facts. When did you get me—how—where—everything. Don't weep. This is business."

She was afraid of Howard, and he knew it. She choked back her sobs and told him all she knew. He listened to the end.

"So it all depends upon this Annabel Sowerby, this nurse-woman, whether I'm the son of Sir John and Lady Lucy, or the child of that girl who was in trouble, eh?" he said at last. "Haven't you any trinket or token that might identify me?"

She rose and went into the house, presently returning with a heavy, old-fashioned locket set with pearls.

"You had this around your neck when she brought you to my house," Mrs. Ralston told him. "I've never had it out since."

"H'm!" Howard Ralston examined it curiously. "This is like one Pauline has. Hers has a spring—ah, I thought so."

He had investigated with the point of a penknife, and the back of the discolored lid flew open, revealing the inscription, "John to Lucy, April fourteenth, 1862," and the faded portrait of a young man wearing the extravagant whiskers of the English sixties.

"My respected pater, I suppose," he commented, holding it in the circle of the porch light. "And there's nothing in your story to show that Lady Lucy isn't my mother. Gee! Think of all this business of the exchanged babies and the locket coming true here in Seabrook. Thought things like that never happened except in novels. Guess I'll make a few things hum in the baronial halls of Sir John. How much did you get paid for your share in the deal, eh?"

"Howard!"

He laughed, not brutally or insolent-

ly, but with a certain sort of loathsome wisdom, like a hoarding raven over his pilferings.

"Don't tell me you and this Annabel woman didn't fix it up between you. That's too thin."

Mrs. Ralston, who had seated herself, rose to her feet with unexpected dignity.

"According to my lights, Howard, I have tried to be a good woman," she said slowly. "I don't mean to say that I haven't fallen short a great many times, and done things that I should not have done. But, except in keeping your doubtful origin from you, I have never deliberately deceived, and I did that only because I thought it was for the best. If I have done wrong in that, may God forgive me; and may He be my witness that I have never connived at any plot to keep you from an inheritance that may be yours—or may not."

She stood for a moment breathing quickly, her cheeks flushed with indignation, earnestness, and the unwontedness of so long a speech. Howard lowered his eyes.

"Well," he said ungraciously, "that doesn't matter now, of course. You've brought me up in poverty, when I might have been rich enough to make some of these people who've looked down so high-and-mighty come around and lick my boots. But that can't be helped. If you've told me everything, I'm going to bed."

She nodded, and he went to his own room, to lie awake and plan how he might reinstate himself as the son of Sir John Archer.

All next day he sat smoking and thinking in his office at the mill, giving a gruff ear to the foreman's occasional difficulties, and returning again to his brooding. One thing was clear. He must go to England at once. There would be sure to be some old gossips who could tell him more than his mother knew, for she had left England almost as soon as she had taken him from Annabel, Lady Lucy's nurse. Perhaps he might come across Annabel herself, although she must be very old. At least he had the locket.

When he left the mill that night, and cut across lots towards the Ralston cottage, he was met by Pauline. Her eyes had dark circles about them, and she looked as though she had not slept. She held out her hands to him.

"Howard," she said plaintively, "oh, Howard!"

He made no move to take them, and his face hardened.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm so sorry about—about what happened last night," she faltered uncertainly. "I—I've just been crazy all day. I had to see you to-night, so I slipped out—Howard, don't be angry with me. It wasn't my fault."

"Oh, no," he said sarcastically. "Of course not. But I'm extremely surprised that you should condescend to speak to such dirt as I am. Your father's views were made very clear to me, and your own did not appear to differ from them very widely."

"Howard!" Her eyes sparkled at that. She had her father's quick temper.

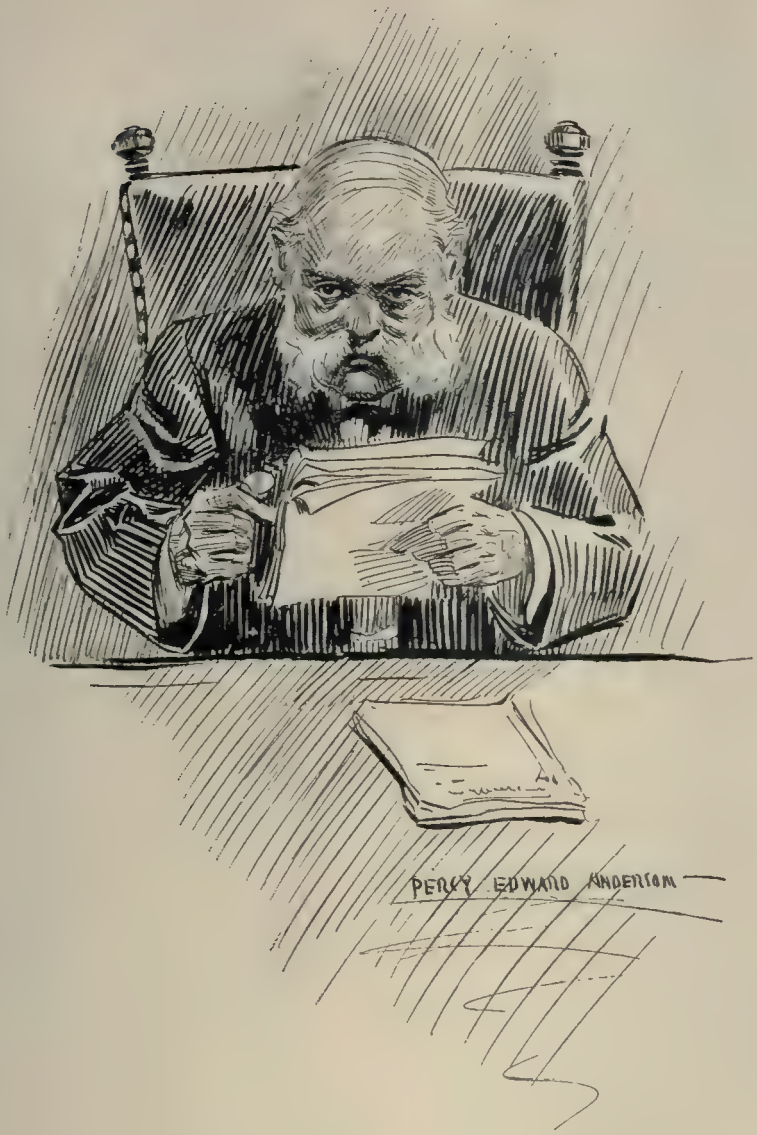
"Oh, yes, Howard, and Howard again! I'll tell you one thing, Pauline Chester, I'm through with you and your father. You'll have to come to me on your knees before you get anything out of me again. I'm done, I tell you; done; And after this, I'm Mr. Ralston to you. Good night."

He passed her with an impatient brush that was almost a shove, and marched away. She stood looking after him, dumbfounded for a moment, and then, leaning her face against the fence-rail gave way to hysterical tears.

* * * * * * * *

"I transact *all* business for Sir John, Mr. Ralston."

Howard Ralston took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. In the month he had spent in England he had been able to procure no incontrovertible proof of his being Sir John's son, and he had counted a good deal on sentiment and an old man's weakness in this interview, on which he was staking his future. This well-groomed, reserved, business-like secretary was an element upon which he had not figured.



"OLD CHESTER" WAS NOT A MAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH

"It is extremely private," he said reluctantly. "I do not think Sir John would care to have it handled by anyone but himself. Family affairs——"

"It is entirely impossible for you to see Sir John at present," responded the secretary. "I am quite conversant with all Sir John's family affairs—I am myself an Archer—and have his authority to act for him in all matters. In short, you will have to transact your affairs with me, or postpone them indefinitely. Sir John's orders are very clear on this point." The secretary did not like Howard Ralston, and spoke with finality.

Again Ralston hesitated. His money was getting low, and he could not afford to wait indefinitely in England for an interview that might never come. He decided to take his chance.

"Did you ever see that locket?"

The secretary did not offer to take it.

"I have never had that pleasure."

"Will you open the back? Here is the spring."

A flash of interest lighted Mr. Archer's face as he examined the old portrait and the inscription. He glanced interrogatively at Ralston.

"Twenty-nine years ago, on August eighteenth, a woman named Annabel Sowerby brought me to the house of a Mrs. Ralston, at that time living on this estate, hinting that I was Lady Lucy's child. I was wearing this locket about my neck at the time. Another child, reported to be Lady Lucy's baby, was at the Hall, but although her baby was healthy when it first came, it suddenly became sickly, and shortly afterwards died. I have reason to believe——"

"Annabel Sowerby, you say?" inquired the secretary evenly—so evenly that it hardly seemed an interruption. Ralston nodded, breathing quickly.

"You will pardon me a moment." The secretary left the room, and presently returned with a legal document, which he offered to Howard Ralston.

"The undersigned, Annabel Sowerby, being about to die, deposeth and saith," he read half-aloud, and then ran swiftly down the paragraphs in silence, his face growing yellowish as he gathered the import of the deposition. It was not long, and as he came to the laborious shaky signature of the old nurse, he threw the paper on the floor.

"It's a damned lie!" he cried, jumping up, the blood suddenly suffusing his face till the veins stood out on the temples. "You fixed this Sowerby woman; you faked this whole thing up. Damn you, you're all against me, every one of you. I tell you it's a lie."

The secretary regarded him quietly, a cynical expression on his clean-shaven face.

"You anticipate my expression, Mr. Ralston," he replied. "I was about to make exactly the same remark with another application."

"You mean to admit——"

"I mean to 'admit' nothing." Mr. Archer cut the sentence short. "It is indisputably true. Sowerby of her own accord called in the curate when she was dying and told him the whole story, because she said she couldn't die with it on her conscience. He thought it was of enough importance to put her confession in legal form, in case the bogus heir should some day appear You will observe that the deposition is entirely in form, and I shall be glad to have you make any inquiries of Mr. Hardwick, the curate, or Mr. Fields, our solicitor. The only lie in the case is that of poor old Sowerby and '*de mortuis*'—you know."

Ralston looked at him with a covert sneer.

"Do you inherit this estate?" he inquired.

For the first time he saw emotion on that quiet, reserved face.

The secretary doubled up his fists swiftly and made one quick step towards Ralston, who backed instantly. Then he turned to the door and threw it open.

"Good morning, Mr. Ralston," he said briefly. "James, show this—this gentleman out." An instant later Howard Ralston was descending the steps of the Hall, a nameless, penniless, untitled man.

It was a crash indeed. The document was plain enough. Annabel Sowerby had thought to feign an exchange of Lady Lucy's baby, and later to bring him, the child of the girl whom Mrs. Ralston had spoken of as being in trouble, forward as the heir to the Archer estates. But as time passed, she repented of her design, or perhaps was frightened at the possible consequences, and had done nothing. Now he was confronted with her death-bed deposition of the whole story, with names and dates, utterly confuting his pretensions. He sunk his chin upon his chest and plodded along through the dust, he hardly knew whither.

So it had all ended here, he reflected. How Seabrook would laugh, if it knew. He had had dreams of going back with his title and his English clothes and his well-filled pocketbook, and paying off a few old scores against the ultra-society families who had not cared to know the superintendent of Mill No. 2. Most of the Seabrook people were church-going, comfortable middle-class folk, who had

admitted him freely, although he was only the son of "poor Mrs. Ralston," but there were a few whose doors had never been opened to him. Family was their god, and Ralston knew very well how quickly those doors would have swung had he come back as heir to an English estate. Family! He stamped his foot in the dust.

"Not even a name!" he muttered. "Not even that."

He had not been able to find out who the "poor girl who was in trouble" had been, and suddenly he remembered Lilah—Lilah with her pretty pointed face and her big eyes. Perhaps his mother had been like Lilah, perhaps even now Lilah had a child in her arms that had no name, like himself. He would give Lilah some money when he went back. . . . Still—and his face took on an expression of cunning—the very giving of the money might acknowledge his interest in her more closely than he cared to do. For there still remained Pauline. He could win her back, he reflected further; Pauline was vain and impressionable, and if he chose, he could win her back. It might be possible to persuade her to a runaway marriage, and then trust to her bringing Chester around. Or—possibly a marriage might not be necessary. Possibly he might hold a heavier whip over her father if he omitted the ceremony. Why not? It would be a very satisfactory moment when he knew the truth; Ralston smiled uglily as he rolled that morsel under his tongue.

"If Pauline is fool enough, I could manage that very well," he murmured, cutting the head off a thistle beside the road with his heavy stick.

Suddenly his mood changed, and awaking from his imaginings, he saw altogether too clearly Pauline's firm little mouth, and the eyes that were so like her father's under her straight black brows. Fool! He could never go back and face Seabrook; no more could he get Pauline to commit such a mad folly. As for the woman whom he had called his mother for so long, she could swim for herself. He would go away somewhere, and start afresh, and this month in England would be forgotten forever.

"So, that's settled," he said aloud, and by way of emphasizing its settlement, he began to look about him, and to brush the dust off his coat.

The road that he followed led through farmlands for a mile or two and then brought him out on the high, thyme-scented downs of Sussex. Mile after mile they swept away, till in the distance one caught the blue shimmer of the sea. Far off to the left, Ralston, awaking from his brooding, noted a flock of sheep grazing, and saw a gull flying in great wide-arched curves. The only thing in the landscape that moved was a child coming down the slope of the next down, a basket on her arm, and an air of matronly discreetness about her, even at that distance. Ralston glanced at her basket, and suddenly realized that he was hungry. He threw himself down on the grass by the road to wait for her.

It was not in his nature to be directly brutal, cad though he was. The oblique method was preferable, and made less noise. So he accosted the girl pleasantly.

"Going to market, sister?"

"No, sir," she responded, evidently not at all afraid. "I'm taking some clotted cream and new bread to the White Horse Inn for mother. You'm a stranger in these parts."

"I am," he agreed pleasantly. "Will you sell me some of your cream and bread?"

"No, sir. Mother said I was to take it to the White Horse."

He held up a bright shilling. She looked at it wistfully, but shook her head.

"Come, I'll give you this for your mother, and another like it for yourself."

Again she shook her head. "Mother said I was to take it to the White Horse," she repeated. He looked at her a moment doubtfully, and then suddenly lost his temper. Here was another of them against him. With a swift snatch at the basket he secured it, and gave the child a smart slap on the cheek.

"Serve you right!" he said impatiently as she burst into a wail. "I told you I wanted it."

Without paying any more attention to her, he opened the basket and tore off the end of a crisp loaf. Then, as she continued to cry, he flung the shilling he had offered her into the road. "There," he said, "get out. Don't stay whining around here."

Still crying she picked up the shilling, and turned mournfully toward home, leaving him munching beside the road.

THE LAND OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

OUT of the land to eastward,
Into the wilder west,
For loss or for gain, with labour and pain,
Our brave forefathers pressed.
They had made the native a stranger,
Ere ever the fight was done—
But dearer, because of the danger,
They loved the land they won.

The farmer plants in April,
And prays for sun and rain—
And if they fail, or frost, or hail
Cut down the ripened grain,
He will waste no time in sorrow—
Next year, he will pinch and strain,
He will buy, or beg, or borrow,
And plant as much again.

And the woman must toil and travail,
Labour without relief—
And if, with it all, some ill befall,
She must not stop for grief—
Tho' she bury her first-born deeply,
With a heart that is all bereft,
She must manage the mourning cheaply,
Because of the child that's left.

This is a land of promise—
Why—do you ask me why?
Again and again, in the hearts of men,
New hopes come springing high;
And the roll of the prairie shows us,
What is taught by the arching sky—
And we know there's a God who knows us,
And will not pass us by.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

TAWNY Autumn is here. The valleys lie wreathed in faint blue mists. The woods have not yet begun to thin, though the first leaves are fluttering to the ground. The harvest moon has passed with other good summer things, such as strawberries and roses, but the pumpkins are mellowing for the pie, and the brown-faced girls are returning from the summer camp. City life, so dead and dusty during the hot months, is awakening, and with renewed vigor slackened business is tightening up its sinews in preparation for the strenuous struggle again.

The birds are flocking. If you lie awake o' nights you can hear the calling of their minor bugle notes as they flit over city roofs and steeples. The blackbirds, which came when the first warm days of April—ah! do you remember the first clear call of the robin? —loosened the ice, are gathered in hosts, and one of these cool September nights you will hear them chattering lightly as, in flocks which assume almost the proportions of clouds, they fly to the sun-lands of the south. The robins are assembling in cohorts, the young with their speckled breasts looking like the English thrush; Father Robin, with most of the vivid color faded from his waistcoat, and the little mother bird looking a trifle passee, but very happy and proud of the cheery soldiers of fortune she helped to chip out of her beautiful blue eggs.

The bluebirds, those bits of drifting sky—the poets of birdland—are, like poets, indefinite as to plans. They fly in a scattered, haphazard way, uttering little wistful cries as they wing lightly southward.

Those gentlemanly chaps of the woodpecker tribe who sport red heads and golden wings, blaze their own trail—each for himself. They despise the weakness of flocking. They are adventurers bold and handsome, and wing an individual way to their winter quarters, leaving old hairy daddy woodpecker behind. A selfish old card is he, hibernating in snug bachelor quarters in the heart of a tree all winter, leaving his wife and her hairy children to fend for themselves as best they can in the time of the frost and snow. On bright days he makes forays on such grubs as become stiffened and inactive from the cold.

The orioles slip silently from their cradled nests. They fly together, but their beautiful clear whistle is stilled. As they sweep over the quiet city where we, dull humans, house ourselves

ALL THE LITTLE CHORISTERS OF THE WOODS FLOCK AND FLIT WITH THE REDDENING LEAF

from the starlight, the watcher can hear them calling faintly and sweetly, and in the restless human heart a desire rises to join this band of little choristers all garbed in the quiet coloring of their mother, as they flit up there among the stars, outward bound to strange and foreign places.

The wary meadow-lark is flying through the stubble on his way south. There, on that tree, stands the sentinel of the flock, and long before you can get within gun-shot, he has given his warning and the flock rises and soars to pastures fresh. They are followed by the bobolinks. The little chaps have lost their pretty white and yellow markings, and with a rather forlorn "quait, quait," fly across the fields where the grain shocks stood, to gain again their reedy musical piping down among the Carolina rice fields.

The blue jays—those strident pirates of the fir trees—do not go far into the warm countries, but, with the chick-a-dees, keep along the edges of the swamps and hardwood ridges to annoy the nimrod as he hunts the beautiful and toothsome ruffed grouse.

The little birds—the flycatchers and pewees and chipping sparrows, with hosts of smaller fry, flock and flit, too, seeming to dissolve into bits of cloud as they depart with all the other little choristers of the woods.

We keep with us the tiny, creeping chick-a-dee, whisky jack, the cock o' the north, old hairy woodpecker and the great, wise, mysterious horned owl.

What is that wide cloud that is just obscuring the moon? And, listen! The leader calls, and all down the ranks come the answering notes—the little minor cries—almost bird whispers, a faint night music that might be the stars singing together; then a drooping call, louder, more plaintive from some laggards who are tailing on behind, answered by the sailing crowd in fainter accents until the cloud passes and the little wistful cries fade into silence as the birds drift out on the wings of the night.

. . . . . .

IS LOVE A LIE?

SOME women were talking together, seated on a cool verandah one of those hot nights in the summer that has passed so swiftly. They were discussing some things in a book which one of them had been reading aloud—a book with the tang of an olive and

the tinkle of ice in a long glass in it, such as John Oliver Hobbes used to write. They were of different ages and estates. One was old and wise and a bit tired; another married and hearty and the mother of four always hungry boys; a third, single and plain-faced and none too young; and a fourth who didn't count, because she was nothing one way or the other—a mere bromide.

"Which of the stories shall we discuss?" asked the boys' mother. "The tale of a man who broke with a woman's friendship, and, though he loved her, tired and left?"

"Love, always love, that immortal lie," carped the old lady who had been through it all and forgotten much. "When will you women know it for what it is—a foolishness of youth—a mirage, a dream, a nothingness?" She spoke without bitterness but with the touch of delicate satire which pervaded all her wisdom.

"Never, I hope," said the boys' mother, "for love is life, and the children it is who make life, and love and all that is, worth while."

"Yes; wait until they grow up and leave you for loves of their own," said the old lady, who lived a lonely life, "wait till they grow tired and fly away."

"As you did," said the plain woman. "As you did, you lucky mortal, who have kept love long at your side."

"But not kept him for always," said the old lady, sighing; "and life grows very cold for the old."

A little wind sprang up suddenly, whistled a bar of song among the leaves, and whirled down the street in a spiral of dust.

The women were silent. Then one spoke.

"Who is it says that the man who tells his love best is the greatest poet? Maybe, but he may be the greatest liar also. Woman makes the mistake of thinking love is the whole menu; men never do that; with them it is only a side dish."

"Which they always taste," said the married woman, "and which sometimes disagrees with them."

"Do you think absence strengthens or weakens love?" asked the single woman, who had risen and was leaning against a pillar. In the soft dusk a great moth flew against her face. Her hands were loosely folded.

"It strengthens love in women, weakens it in men," said the old lady. "We are made that way. The woman always remembers: the man always forgets. Sometimes a woman can best show her love for a man by leaving him—but it takes a noble woman to do it. Any woman can give up the world for a man—the same as she did in the story," she pointed to the small volume of Life's Litanies, lying on the step. "That is easy enough. When it comes to giving him up to another woman it is another matter."

"If a woman can do that, can give a man up for his own sake and help him to forget her, it should atone for many sins," said the plain woman as she moved slowly to her shadowy corner.

"Maybe—but what man is worth that? The devotion of woman is rather a sad thing to contemplate."

"It is a good thing for men that it exists," said the boys' mother placidly.

"But do you think a man has a right to accept such a sacrifice—to break with a woman like that?"

A BOOK IS A COMPANION THAT WILL NOT FAIL YOU IN AN IDLE HOUR

"Some men will accept anything," answered the old lady. "Whenever a man breaks with a woman for any given reason, you may always put it down to the fact that he has ceased to love her. He may call it giving her up for the sake of his family, or his conscience, or even (and this without laughing) for her own sake, but it is all the same. He never really considers the woman, or if he does, he depends on her generosity and actually appeals to her to help him to sacrifice her. He never thinks of his family or his conscience while he is in love with her. They are merely his excuses to get rid of her when he is tired. What do you think, Anna?"

A slight snore from the duskiest corner answered. The bromide had fallen asleep.

. . . . .

"THE LAW IS A HASS"

NOT long since a case occurred in an Ontario city which, divested of such fine environment as a story writer might arrange about it, was as pathetic a tale of common life and its sorrows as any recorded in the pages of Dickens or George Eliot. A girl of twenty was betrayed by a boy of the same age under a promise of marriage. The old, old story that is told every day in the year, and will be repeated to the end of time—the story of man's passion and woman's weakness. The girl—a pretty creature—told with faltering voice and bent head how, trusting where she loved greatly, she believed her lover would come to her rescue before it was too late. On her knees she begged him for more than life—her honor and that of her unborn child. Time and again she implored him with tears and anguish to pity her condition and not let a nameless little being be born into a world unkind to such waifs, such superfluous human atoms. Again and again he refused, and, shamed as she was, she took him into court for the protection of the unborn. Before strange men she stammered out her story until everyone in the court from the magistrate to the merest onlooker was touched by her grievous position—so young, a mere child—and wounded unto death. Every hope smashed while yet she stood on the threshold of life.

And the Law could do nothing! Why? Because the man was a minor, and therefore not accountable to the law for his cruel misdeed. There was no redress for this poor Hetty Sorrel. The man walked out scot free and triumphant, in high feather, in fact, "without," said the report, "as much as a glance at the unfortunate complainant, who was sobbing in the arms of friends." Because this fellow was a minor at the time he betrayed a young girl under a sacred promise of marriage, that promise was not binding under the law! The charge was therefore dismissed. Is it not about time that such laws, or lack of them, should be remedied? Is it not high time that women should have some hand in affairs that so closely concern them? Canada is yet a young country, too young, and hopeful, and fresh, and aspiring to rest long under such a ruling as that which offers no redress to a wronged woman. Some people ask why women are moving for a vote in the government of the country. Stories such as this furnish one of the reasons.

. . . . .

"THE VAMPIRE" CRUSHED

THE following answer to Kipling's "Vampire" appeared recently upon the back of a post-card, and now people are asking who really is "Felicia Blake," whose name is appended to it. I'll forfeit you a box of candies if she is without Irish blood in her veins:

A Fool there was, and she lowered her pride
(Even as you and I).
To a bunch of conceit in a masculine hide,
We saw the faults that could not be denied;
But the Fool saw only his manly side—
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the love she laid on her own heart's grave,
With the care of her head and hand,
Belongs to the man who did not know—
(And now she knows that he never could know)—
And did not understand.

A Fool there was, and her best she gave—
(Even as you and I).
Of noble thoughts, of gay and grave—

"LOVE, ALWAYS LOVE, THAT IMMORTAL LIE," CARPED THE OLD LADY WHO HAD FORGOTTEN MUCH

(And all was accepted as due to the knave).
But the Fool would never her folly save
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the stabs she hid, which the Lord forbid
Had ever been really planned,
She took from the man who didn't know why
(And now she knows he could never know why)
And did not understand.

The Fool was loved when the game was new
(Even as you and I).
And when it was played she took her cue—
Plodding along as most of us do,
Trying to keep his faults from view
(Even as you and I).

But it isn't the ache of the heart, or its break
That stings like a white-hot brand,
It's the learning to know that she raised a god
And bent her head to kiss the rod,
For the one that could not understand.

WINGED WORDS.

ALL you who love to read should know the tale of "The Other Wise Man." The hand of a friend sent this gift of delight to me, and, lest you might miss it, I pass word of it on to you. You may have read it, for it is not a new book; neither is it a cumbrous volume, but a tiny booklet one may carry in his pocket, a companion that will not fail you in an idle hour, and one, I think, that will always lie close to your hand. It relates the quest of the Other Wise Man and how it failed—or succeeded? It is like a bit of Persian tapestry in which are woven pictures of great beauty and mystery and simplicity. I like to place it by the side of Omar Khayyam—why, I leave you to find out if you are interested. Someone wrote to Henry Van Dyke, the author, asking the meaning of his bit of exquisite tapestry—much as the ignorant tourist asks the meaning of the mystic characters graved upon some eastern tomb. He answered:

"How can I tell? What does life mean?"

But I think that the meaning is made very clear, and in the most

beautiful way. It has been twice read, but we shall often journey with the Other Wise Man—from afar, I fear—in the hope that some day we, too, may see even the passing shadow of the beautiful Vision, and may hear the echo of that sweet and still voice which the Other Wise Man heard so close to him in the fading light of that day on which he found the King.

. . . . . .

THIS IS EASY

A PHONETIC puzzle which found its way into these pages one time is responsible for many voyages on the part of the Pedlar in search of wares which of all others are the most difficult to procure, the makers of them having died long ago. There is a brisk demand for them, and orders all the way from a dozen to a gross, but alas! on turning the Pack inside out this is all that can be found adhering to the lining.

Will the gentleman, and the lady, and the child who uncovered the hidden meaning of our "phonism" to be

" 'Oss for a day,
'Ay for the 'oss,
Fetchin' on 'im 'ome,"

kindly exercise their brilliant wits over the following, dug out one day the Pedlar went a-mining?

When from the Ark's capacious bound
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it first who heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

The answer is all ready, tied up in a neat little parcel of rhyme for our October Pack—but, of course, you have already guessed it—as your grandfather did before you.

LOVE INDEED

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

AN old man sang of Love. Three maidens passed,
And laughed, "Poor old blind minstrel! How he sings
Of what he has forgotten!" and went their way.

Now one had lost her lover recently
Unto her rival's arms; another, all
The gossips chattered when her name was said;
The third had caught and thrown a dozen sweethearts by,
And so they laughed.

But when the gray old minstrel's song was done,
He gathered up his pence and went along
The flowering lanes to where his little house,
Low-roofed and latticed, amid apple-trees
In quiet peace smiled at the summertide.
And at their frugal board he said a grace
In Love's great name and his old gray-haired wife
Smiled softly at him as she filled his cup,
And in the house Love rustled his great wings.

RESPECTING BOOKS

WHEN the author of Ecclesiastes inscribed on his parchment that of the making of books there was no end and much study was a weariness to the flesh, he had a revelation coming to him.

If he could have stood beside the delivery table of one of the big modern presses, and watched the sheets peeling off the rollers at the rate of thirty thousand impressions a day, he would have scratched his reverend whiskers, gone home, and added a foot-note. The publishers' fall list is appalling. So many new books to make friends with —some needing only a speaking acquaintance, some by the very cut of their titles being discarded, but so many that one wants to know personally—Mr. Ecclesiastes would give it up in despair.

Somebody or other has said that a man is known by the adjectives he keeps, and no less true is it that he is known by his book friends. When anybody says that he likes "Tempest and Sunshine," or "Graustark," or "Pippa Passes," or "The Glory of Clementina," he is instantly classified; you do, or you do not want to know more of that man. Sometimes an impostor comes along who remarks that she—it is usually a woman—thinks Browning "elegant," and you learn anew that it is quite as bad breeding to think you know a book better than it thinks it knows you. Gelett Burgess puts that point whimsically:

I have a notion the books on the shelves
Are just as much persons as we are ourselves;
And when you are older, you'll find this is true,
So be careful, my friend, and make books like you.

One can positively see the Last Duchess looking scornfully down upon the would-be acquaintance, while Caliban snarls in the pompion-shadow, and that splendid organ-player in the midst of a fugue glances over his shoulder, still holding his chord, with a satirical grin. We are a year or so out of date, by the way, with Browning; it is Hewlett and Wells and Bennett and Brieux who are the fashion to-day among the clubs.

And that reminds us of a small incident that happened to us in an æsthetic metropolitan book-store. It was artistic, that place, with beautiful cases, and shaded lights and a huge bowl of bittersweet here and there, and you were not asked to buy anything. We had still-hunted a very good novel through all the other shops and been unrewarded. We asked the æsthetic young man of the artistic book-store if he had it. He looked at us pityingly, and smiled.

"The book you desire was published some years ago, was it not?" he questioned.

We admitted it—nineteen-four. He inclined his head delicately.

"Ah, just so," he said. "You see, we keep only books that are in style."

One hesitates to contemplate what the sturdy hero of that book would have

done to him if he had been caught late at night in a secluded stack; there certainly would not have been enough of him left to tie in a windsor bow.

CY WARMAN IN A NEW LIGHT

CY WARMAN is out with a new book of verse that he calls "Songs of Cy Warman." All the verses he has written might be similarly classed, for every one of them steps to a melody in words, and most of them suggest minor notation, they have so easy a flow and such an undertone of homely feeling. But in this new book are over seventy "thoughtful rhymes," that taken together present him in a phase unknown to most of his admirers up to this time. His vogue has rested largely upon his sympathy with the common things of life, their humor and their pathos, and on his own broad and kindly sense of fun and foible. But in these thoughtful rhymes he discloses a philosophy of life, high though simple. Hear this:

"There is no death!
The flowers bloom;
Their sweet perfume
Floats o'er the night—
The hills are white,
The summer birds have sped away,
The summer days are dead, they say,
But when the spring comes back, the wren
Sings sweet, the flowers bloom again.

"There is no death!
We fall asleep
And wake to weep.
Youth's happy springtime wears away,
With voices weak, our hair grows gray;
But after that last sleep, ah, then,
We know that man must live again.
There is no death!"

This is the song triumphant of the elder sages, the burden of the message of all prophets, the essence of the most ancient of all religions, stated in full, and without pomp. Between it and the song of the Sound Sailor who lilts about the maid at "Metlakatla, holy city by the sea," who "says she hopes for heaven, but she always looks for me," is a wide gap, the filling of which as he has filled it implies versatility almost startling when you come to think of it. The book deserves and ought to have a wide publicity. (Bond Avery Company, Boston. McLeod & Allen, Toronto.)

SMILES AND CROONS OF IRELAND

ARTHUR STRINGER, loyal son of Canada, bold champion of the vigorous north, critic, historian and poet, is out with a new volume called "Poems of Ireland." Being himself of Irish derivation, Mr. Stringer is free to be frank about the Irish—a right excluded from the thought and speech of the Sassenach and all other foreigners. Therefore, his introductory reference to their humorous irresponsibility, whimsical gayeties, and nostalgic mournfulness is not only permissible but graceful, and acceptable without offence as being true. The last few years have given us several Irish poets whose work breathes the strange wistfulness and mystic romance of those ancient days of the race when Ossian sang of its wars and woes and valor and faith, and the worlds of earth and spirit were discerned commingled in the silvery mists of faraway. Yeats and Fiona McLeod are foremost among these bards, but they dwell in the land where their scenes are laid, while this western soul is placed in the bustle and sharp realities of the Realm of New Things. Yet none of the others has given us anything more pregnant of longing and tender home-love, more perfectly Irish that this interlude in Mr. Stringer's "In the Tropics."

"O to be in Ireland wid me youth again,
Half a world from palm trees, half a world from this!
O to be in Ireland, where the coolin' rain
Falls across the green hills like a woman's kiss!"

It is in the vein of Scott's heartsick exiles, "by wild Ontario's boundless shore," who sang the songs of childhood, and "in the strain beheld fair Scotia's hills again."

The poems have a right to be so styled, for they are far more than verses. They are alive with feeling, deep as the deeps, or bright as sunlight playing on a rippling surface. They are Irish, in all the moods of many mooded Ireland. More power to the bard!

'AS OTHERS SEE US

IN "The Yellow Pearl," Adeline M. Teskey undertakes to show western civilization what it looks like to an

Oriental. The narrative is in the form of a diary supposed to record the observations of a young girl, daughter of a white official and a Chinese woman. This precocious maid, born and grown in China, suddenly finds herself transferred to her father's people, an embarrassing legacy, herself much discomposed inwardly by the abrupt change, and at a loss to accommodate herself in thought, dress or manners to new conventions. All of them are direct opposites to her native land, and most of them shock her. The central source of difference she quotes from Watson's diagnosis of the American:

* * * * * * * "When Fate
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with those a genius for repose;
Therefore a sting is ever in thy blood,
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest."

It is an interesting study, though not profoundly important. It can do no harm. Possibly it may here and there do a little good to those who are competent to recognize themselves as others see them. But it overlooks the truth that Kipling put into the couplet about west being west and east being east—that never the twain shall meet. There is a touch either of humor or eccentric philology in the publisher's notice on the fly leaf that all rights are reserved, especially that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian. Hammer of Thor! Is the distinction invidious? Or is Scandinavian universally domestic? (The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto).

THROUH A GLASS DARKLY

PROPHETS are notably incoherent in the expression of their revelations, and judging by Miss Susan Glaspell's new novel, "The Visioning," she is a prophet who abides by tradition. It is refreshing to meet on the first page a heroine called "Katie Jones," but the rest of the book hardly lives up to that humorous and friendly cognomen, especially in those chapters dealing with Katie's mysterious friend Ann, whose "quest" provokes a common-sense remark or so from Mrs. Prescott in which the reader quite agrees.

ARTHUR STRINGER
Whose new book of Irish verse is the very heart of Erin

However, the book belongs to that literature which is learning to deal frankly with the relations of men and women—timidly as yet, and this book one of the timidest—and in this it is worthy of praise. If some of the philosophy were cut out, and the characters allowed occasionally to speak for themselves, it would be a better book; but in any case, the story of how Katie Jones, whose principal characteristic is that she is "so army," learns that life presents greater problems than those of graceful entertaining, is worth while. Whether her friend Ann, whom she tactfully rescues from suicide, would have a point of view so entirely unrelieved by a touch of humor, even of the ironic and bitter sort, seems doubtful; and whether Katie would be so completely revolted on learning of the "past" that she unquestionably knew Ann had before the revelation was made is also questionable. But on the whole it is a readable and thoroughly modern novel.

LINDLEY MURRAY PLEASE NOTE

IT HAD been explained to a man that mathematics, politics, ethics and gymnastics "is." The plural form bothered him until somebody said: "Well, did you ever hear of a mathematic, a politic, an ethic or a gymnastic?"

The doubter retired in confusion, but came back triumphantly from retirement after a while.

"Say, you wise guys," said he. "Tell me the singular of dandruff."

HIS INDORSEMENT

THE death of a man of wide acquaintance and generally loved called out a surprising attendance at funeral services for him in a church. One of the sincerest mourners was one of the humblest, and was a man who had to forego several hours' sleep. Also, sad to relate, he had never been in church before—not more than once, anyway.

Overcome by the strenuous programme of an unusual day, he fell asleep, but was aroused by the clergyman's solemn pronouncement upon "dust to dust."

Whereat the half-awake man said:

"Nothing can be fairer than that."

PIPING JUSTICE

A CERTAIN lawyer named O'Brien had a tough case in defending a man for murder. His client had shot a visitor in his home, but it seemed that the "home-and-castle" principle was involved slightly. The defendant was not an Irishman, but O'Brien succeeded without apparent effort, in getting a number of Irishmen on the jury.

Across the street from the Criminal Court was a neighborhood hang-out kept by a proficient bagpipe player named Dan Lannigan. O'Brien had made his argument and the state was engaged in a long and wearisome harangue when through the open windows came the strains of "The Top o' Cork Road."

Several of the jurymen stirred uneasily and seemed to have their minds off the case.

The lawyer paused, and so did the music. Then "The Geese in the Bog" took up the burden of the jolly piper across the road.

The jury was fairly upset now, and the state's attorney called the attention of the court to the interruption. Whereupon the judge sent his bailiff out to bring the piper in.

Dan Lannigan came in with his bar apron on and his pipes under his arm. The situation was explained to him and he said:

"Sure, judge. I'll stop playin' as a favor to you. But in law everybody knows that when a man is in his own house—the home he is payin' rint for—he can do what he pleases."

The jury found for the defense.